LUM COL

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 26 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

THE FEDERAL THEATER *By Morton Eustis*

IN THIS ISSUE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "War With the Newts" by Karel Capek

FRANCES WOODWARD
Reviews "The Rains Came" by Louis Bromfield

AMY LOVEMAN
Reviews "Enchanter's Nightshade" by Ann Bridge

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON
Reviews "Background in Tennessee" by Evelyn Scott

KATHARINE ANTHONY
Reviews "The American Woman" by E. R. Groves

GEORGE DANGERFIELD
Reviews "John Cornelius" by Hugh Walpole

JAMES T. FARRELL
Reviews "The Case of Leon Trotsky"

Other reviews by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CLINCH CALKINS, WILLIAM MAXWELL

Cyril Arapoff

ANN BRIDGE

"Suave and sophisticated in the best sense of the word"...

(See page 5)

WOOLLCOTT PRESENTS: THREE "AFTERWORDS" BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EXPLORERS of NORTH AMERICA 1492-1806

By JOHN B. BREBNER

"A VIVID story of sailors skirting the outer coasts, of missionaries, gold hunters, fur gatherers and horse traders pushing their way in and across the continent."—AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW

"It was a bold task for one man to undertake such a colossal survey . . . As a bird's eye view of the explorations of North America, nothing better has been written."—ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW

". . . Original source material gives freshness to his narrative and enables his readers to visualize these explorers."—NEW YORK TIMES $4.00

THESE NEW NOVELS

are specially recommended to S. R. L. readers

The Diary of a Country Priest

Georges Bernanos

The novel which was awarded the Grand Prix by the Académie Française. $2.75

The Green Grape

Simonne Ratel

Again the reader meets the Durras family, delightfully remembered from THE HOUSE IN THE HILLS. $2.50

The Stubborn Way

Baxter Hathaway

Awarded a prize in the Hopwood Contest; a story that lingers long after reading. $2.50

LOST EMPIRE

The Life and Adventures of Nikolai Petróvich Rezánov

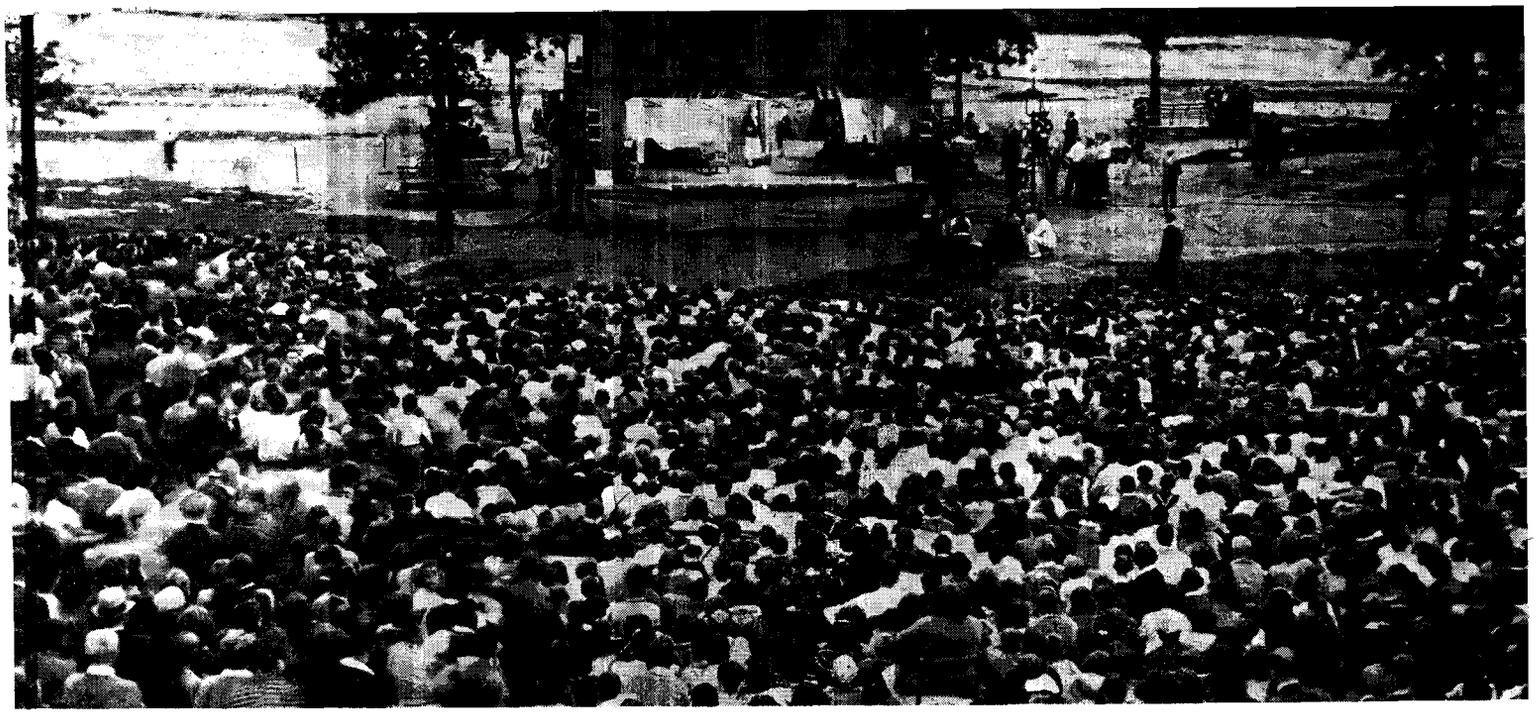
By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

One of the greatest and most tragic love stories of North America is entangled in this story of ambition and international intrigue.

Rezánov, high chamberlain to Czar Alexander, was the spearhead of the scheme to seize all of the West Coast while Europe's attention was held by Napoleon. Here is the first complete story of his life and of the glamorous romance which may have preserved the United States' future. $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY - - NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE Federal Theater

BY MORTON EUSTIS

AN Englishman, whose only knowledge of the American theatrical scene was derived from reading Willson Whitman's "Bread and Circuses: A Study of Federal Theater,"* would probably agree with Miss Whitman that "Uncle Sam's production of plays is . . . a major event in theatrical history . . . also an event of some importance in the history of the United States."

For the Federal Theater, as "Bread and Circuses" projects it onto the printed page, is a dramatic creation, infinite in faculty, noble in reason—really the only show shop of consequence presenting "living action and real theater" to a nationwide, drama-starved audience of 25,000,000 people. "Of course," Miss Whitman admits, "private enterprise also had its triumphs [in 1936-'37] . . . They were: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, from London, in Gilbert and Sullivan; two English actors playing Shakespeare, and one American innovation, the strip tease." Professional actors, such as Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, the Lunts, Ruth Gordon, and Ina Claire; professional producers like Guthrie McClintic, The Theatre Guild, The Group Theatre, George Abbott, Sam Harris, and Max Gordon; and professional playwrights of the calibre of Maxwell Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, Sidney Howard, George Kaufman, and Robert E. Sherwood were all, it seems, taking Sabbatical leave, or touring the burlesque circuits. But the theater that has "dared to criticize" the standards of Broadway, "to look ahead for something new and better"; the theater that began "with an aim miles beyond and above the Broadway aim" and, by that aim, "succeeded"; the pioneering theater under the Red, White, and Blue placard of the WPA, the theater whose competition even Hollywood fears, that is, for Miss Whitman, the theater of the moment.

Miss Whitman has a perfect right to her opinions. If she really believes that "Uncle Sam's production of plays is the most important thing that has happened to the American theater of our time" she has as much right to say so as others have to term the appraisal sheer nonsense. But when, over and over again, she conveys the impression that the standard of production in the best Federal Theater shows is not only as good as the Broadway standard, but better, and insinuates that the Federal Theater is the only theater of any artistic merit and intrinsic worth that is "alive and kicking" in the country (Miss Whitman can probably point to sentences in the book which refute this, but the charge still holds), then she not only proves how little value all her critical comments have (to anyone who knows anything about the Federal Theater and has seen its best productions) but she deserves to be taken sharply to account.

"Murder in the Cathedral," "Dr. Faustus," the Living Newspaper plays, the Negro "Macbeth"—which, all agree, were among the finest and the most successful productions made by the Federal Theater to date—were accorded high critical praise by reviewers who were gratified and pleasantly surprised to see what fine work a relief theater, operating under considerable handicaps, could do. But the standard of production and acting, as viewed, in entirety, even in these plays, did not approach that of the professional theater at its best. "Faustus" was an extremely interesting "stunt" production, made memorable by Feder's brilliant lighting, but the script was emasculated in the cutting and the acting was hardly as good as that of the best amateur theaters (though some critics, it must be admitted, thought the acting was surpassingly good). The Living Newspaper plays introduced a lively technique of playwriting and production as applied to "flash" presentations of present-day social problems—not so "new" as many supposed, as its best features had already been used to better effect in Broadway revues and foreign theaters—but they owed their chief excitement to the timeliness and radicalism of the themes chosen and the response of the audience; and they could hardly be termed "remarkable" by any comparative standards of playwriting or production. The Negro "Macbeth"—but there is no use going through the list. All the best productions were worth while for what they were, which is not damning with faint praise; the worst were very bad, indeed, which, again, was inevitable.

As a threefold project—first, and primarily, a relief project; then social; and lastly theatrical—the Federal Theater has been one of the most complicated and difficult the Government has essayed. No one is more pleased than the professionals that it has succeeded as well as it

* *BREAD AND CIRCUSES. By Willson Whitman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $1.75.*

Next Week

THE OLD SOUTH
By WILLIAM E. DODD
Reviewed by Paul H. Buck

THE MARSH
By ERNEST RAYMOND
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has, especially as it gave employment to so many union actors, stagehands, designers, and scene painters, and revived what *Variety* calls the "legit" in localities that had not seen a play for years. No one wants to take away any of the credit that is its due. But when someone, like Miss Whitman, takes the tone: "it should, however, be clearly recognized by the public and by social planners, *before entertainment is again entrusted to private hands* [the italics are ours], that low-priced plays need not be inferior plays," it is time to call a spade a spade, to point out that although the Federal Theater had no taxes, no extravagant rents, no union wages to pay—costs which triple the overhead for the professional theater—all of its presentations were financial failures in the commercial sense (for none of them could have survived without a subsidy) and ninety per cent of them were poor.

Miss Whitman is not a press agent for the Federal Theater or for the New Deal. But "Bread and Circuses," none the less, is impregnated with much of the philosophy of the new style press-agentry in Washington. Throughout the book runs the same fond assurance that amateurs and theorists are, of necessity, more capable than practical men of practical experience; the bitter distrust—almost, it seems, the hatred—of professionals; the strong left-wing bias (perfectly legitimate when it does not color facts); the self-righteous self-criticism which admits failures and mistakes in one magnanimous breath and in the next magnifies and glorifies the accomplishments beyond all rhyme and reason; and the inability both to examine honest criticism without sneering or to criticize without letting personal sympathy blind the reason.

To consider the Federal Theater at all, then, without prejudice, it is necessary to shelve "Bread and Circuses." On the factual side—to get the statistics out of the way quickly—the Government has spent $24,000,000 as of Sept. 15, 1937, since November, 1935, in producing close to 1,700 plays, and countless vaudeville, marionette, circus, minstrel, tent, and caravan shows* in twenty-seven states in the union. This year, only twenty-two states are to be covered. In all, about 43,000 performances have been given, to date. The bulk of the money—approximately ninety per cent—has gone to pay the salaries of a personnel which reached a peak of about 13,000 in 1936 and dropped back last July—after the drastic WPA cuts—to about 8,500. A little less than half of the personnel were actors. The remaining ten per cent of the funds, plus the money taken in at the box-office, was used to defray the so-called physical costs of production. At one time, the non-relief employees—regional directors, stage directors, technicians, etc.—numbered about twenty-five per cent of the entire payroll. Now they have been cut down to a ten per cent basis. The top price of admission was fifty-five cents (to be raised this year in a few houses to $1.10) and the average admission price throughout the country was fifteen cents. Eighty-seven per cent of all performances were given free—in hospitals, settlement houses, CCC camps, schools, clubs, and public parks. The total audience reached is estimated by the Federal Theater at between twenty and twenty-five million people; the average weekly audience at about half a million—though it is only fair to say that many people, even in the Federal Theater, believe these figures to be exaggerated. The highest relief salary paid has been $23.86 a week, the lowest $13.96. (Non-relief employees are not paid on this scale.) The ordinary production units have been supplemented by specialized units—Yiddish, Negro, Spanish, French, and Children's theaters and "stock" companies—and by research groups, play bureaus, school and community drama groups, organized by WPA directors.

As soon as the Federal Theater began to operate—long before the curtain rose, in Harlem, in February, '36, on the production of "Walk Together Chillun'," the first WPA show—it became apparent that a pressing problem was the necessity of finding plays in which to present the Government's five thousand, or more, unemployed actors. Certain types of drama were immediately available—classics, on which no royalties had to be paid; old plays, for which royalty payments had expired; good plays whose box-office appeal had already been exhausted for a public that takes its theater as news; and plays of the immediate or distant past and the instant present which had not achieved success in the professional or amateur theaters.

In the field of new plays, there were all the left-overs in the office drawers of the play agents and the thousands of manuscripts—probably the hundreds of thousands of scripts—reposing in the homes of the nation's would-be playwrights. (Playwriting has almost assumed the proportions of a national disease in America.) Since royalty payments could not exceed fifty dollars a week, it was not to be expected that successful dramatists, or even promising dramatists, would sacrifice the enormous potential incomes to be derived from a Broadway success, not to mention the advantages of a professional production, for such a paltry sum. Successes that had burned themselves out, perhaps (though many established dramatists refused, at first, to release any of their plays to the F. T. P.); but no new plays, at least until they had been turned down by every reputable Broadway manager.

The Play Bureau, accordingly, began to sort and weed, the directors to plan and ponder. It was generally agreed that the more serious and more experimental productions like "Faustus" and "Murder in the Cathedral" (in New York), and "Miracle at Verdun," "Six Characters in Search of an Author," and "Redemption" (in Los Angeles), would have to be presented in cities that were already theater-minded. The "sticks" would have to be broken in, at the start, with lighter fare.

Looking over the lists, then, we see a host of new and old favorities—"Lightnin'," "Turn to the Right," "Smilin' Through," "Cradle Snatchers," and "The Ghost Train"—making their appearance in towns like Bridgeport, Conn.; Peoria, Ill.; Atlanta, Ga.; Tampa, Fla.; Man-

(*Continued on page 12*)

THE FEDERAL THEATER'S PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH"
Photographs on pages 3 and 4, courtesy of WPA Federal Theater.

* The photograph on the preceding page shows a caravan unit and audience.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 26, October 23, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian Matriarch

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE. By Ann Bridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book). 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

EVERY so often there appears a novel by an Anglo-Saxon author which, placing its scene in a Continental setting, manages so happily to capture the essential quality of locale and personality as at once to persuade of the fidelity of its portrayal. Such a book was Henry Howland's "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," such another was Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Little French Girl," and such a third now is Ann Bridge's "Enchanter's Nightshade." To all these books there is common a deftness of art which is capable of rendering the distinctive characteristics of a foreign society without making that society strange or alien to the pattern of our own. Miss Bridge's people who play out a vivacious drama of family life and love and jealousy against the entrancing background of the Italian countryside are Italian to the core, but they are Italian in their points of view and their reactions to emotion, and of every land in their conduct and feeling.

Miss Bridge has written a truly delightful novel, suave and sophisticated in the best sense of the word, enlivened by sprightly incident and lifelike conversation. Her pretty young post-Victorian heroine (the period is 1905) transplanted from England to act as governess in a titled Italian family of vast ramifications; the wise and beloved Swiss woman, who has served in the same capacity for another child of the family; the young girls who are their charges; the Vecchia Marchesa, a matriarch fit to take place with the magnificent old women of G. B. Stern's and V. Sackville West's creation; the well-meaning but selfish young man who seduces the young Englishwoman—these and a dozen other characters are drawn with spirit and precision. They speak with the accent of life, and deport themselves with convincing play of motive.

Always in the background is the Italian landscape, a lovely setting against which is sharply projected the realism that is so characteristic an aspect of the Italian graciousness of living. The Vill' Alta clan —an aggregation of family connections rather than a single family—is in summer quarters, waiting to celebrate the hundredth birthday of its beloved Vecchia Marchesa—and its days pass in picnicking and visiting, in judicious studies for the young, and injudicious flirtations for the not so young. Passion breaks into the happy tale of leisure hours, and leaves suffering where ignorance and innocence were before. But Miss Bridge, with the clearsightedness and hard realism of her Italian matriarch, lays bare the fleetingness of even grief and brings to an end a story that makes no concession to sentimentality on a note of valiance which maturity must accept as the actual example of life.

The ease of Miss Bridge's style fits perfectly the sinuosity of her plot. The tale has grace and charm, a sophistication that is made mellow by understanding, and an insight and sympathy that wake lively interest in the personalities they reveal. "Enchanter's Nightshade" is not only excellent entertainment but extremely skillful art. It has everything that a light novel should have, vivacity and sensibility, and with it a harder grain of commen sense that gives it seriousness.

See page 23 for biographical note on Ann Bridge.

FROM THE JACKET OF "ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE"

KAREL CAPEK

Mediocrity as a Cult

WAR WITH THE NEWTS. By Karel Capek. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT was inevitable that some one would rewrite "Penguin Island" for our day, and, indeed, Anatole France would do it himself if he were alive, for the material of human error is now so much richer. In that great satire, it was the foolish man under the delusion that he was an individual who was exposed in the cycles of penguin folly; but now collectivism has bred new and greater imbecilities.

Karel Capek is less cynical than Anatole France, and more humorous. He loves the human race more and so, if a less devastating satirist, is a better philosopher. His newt-man world is modern society; the penguins were too French to serve as a world warning. But, since Anatole France's day, the modern world has certainly beaten the penguins at their own game of energetic futility. Mediocrity has become a cult. The destruction of society in order to feed the hungry with its fragments has become a world policy. And realistic thinking has come to be synonymous with a definition of man as a tool-using animal determined to devise an instrument which will cut his own head off.

These possibly cryptic remarks will not be cryptic to the reader of Capek's brilliant, humorous, and intensely human "War With the Newts." It seems that a race of erect salamanders, belonging somewhere in the evolutionary strain that led up to man, got left behind in an isolated Pacific bay. They are discovered whimsically by a whimsical Czech sea captain, and at first, being ugly, smelly, and, though intelligent enough to repeat what they hear and acquire the elementary hungers, fears, techniques, and loyalties of men, seem to be quite use-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less except to fish for pearls and supply backgrounds for movie sets. But they are amphibian, which at first does not seem important; and they breed like fish, and with no more sexual differentiation, which makes them extremely fertile, and free from those excitations and rivalries which are said to have created the arts. They can learn, if they cannot create; they can work, if they cannot love. In other words, once the newt colonies are planted underseas all over the world, that desideratum of all efficient states is ready for exploitation—a vast labor supply which can be truly regarded as nothing more than a commodity.

At this point Capek begins really to enjoy himself. Quantity—of everything—the ideal of modern society, is in sight at last, and in the rush to exploit the newts so that everyone everywhere will have all that he wishes, the other great modern ideal of nationalism comes into play. The newts work under water. They are making new harbors, new islands, will make new continents. Every country jealously protects its own newts for fear of unfair competition. The English insist upon a humanitarianism that will not interfere with trade, the Germans urge the newts to throw out the undersea Jews, the Trotskyan communists invite them to join the last war against capitalism. But these newts (now milliards of them, thanks to scientific breeding) are mediocre. They have no real desire for prestige, they do not want to fight, they desire only more room. With the explosives supplied them for their subterranean work, they begin to undermine the littoral of the continents. Lincolnshire goes under the water, and the Venetian shore, and a third of France. The Chief Salamander, broadcasting between some execrable jazz records (their idea of art), croaks imploring messages of peace. All they want is the earth.

The war with the newts begins, but it is a hopeless war. The newts cannot fight without explosives—there is always, however, a land nation ready to sell them explosives, for the profits are enormous. The newts attack only where they need more shallow sea,—there is always, however, a Germany or a Japan not too unwilling to see a competitor disappear under the water.

This is the idea of the book, though I have carefully avoided telling Capek's ingenious, and often humorous, and always sharply ironical story. There is a solution, over which the author scratches his head in the last chapter. That I leave to the reader.

Capek's own Bohemia without a seacoast is, for that reason, the last to be attacked. And is not this book symptomatic of a Europe in which humor (and with it satire) has been driven back to the mountains and the little countries, where the ideals of quantity and the politics of power can still seem ridiculous —and tragic?

LOUIS BROMFIELD (SECOND FROM RIGHT) KILLS A TIGER, NEAR MYSORE

Waters Over India

THE RAINS CAME. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S talent is large. It is perhaps his misfortune that his reputation is bigger than any single one of his books deserves, and that sheer chronology has graduated him from the promising young author class. These facts, and the expectancy which has waited on the publishing of "The Rains Came," make it a difficult book to read dispassionately. The story is highly readable; the Indian setting is probably just as accurate as, and no more romanticized than, its essentially back-drop character demands, and event follows event with enough rapidity to satisfy even the admirers of "And So —Victoria."

The rains—("Make for the stairs! It's the water works! The dam has broken!") descend with violence on the small Indian city in the small interior Indian state, sweeping through the houses, the lives, the emotions, and the complications of the group of people whom Mr. Bromfield has gathered there rather in the tradition of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." The flood, coming with the monsoon, is the event for which all the characters, from the old Mahraj and Maharana, to the Untouchable sweepers in the palace gardens and the sacred monkeys on the tiled roofs, have waited in the cruel and dusty heat. The rains spell their deliverance. And in their violence they do, indeed, deliver each one out of his circumstances, some to death, some to life unrecognizably changed. Only the cast-iron statue of Queen Victoria, standing complete with umbrella in the town gardens, survives.

That statue appears to be a sort of symbol to Mr. Bromfield. The struggle between England's ideas of colonization and their practical workings in her colonies interests him, and rouses his rather hazily formed indignation. No European character in the book is as essentially admirable as the Mahrattas. No Indian in the book is as essentially despicable as some of the Europeans.

Mr. Bromfield's long drawn asides from the narrative, whether they are political or philosophical, do not quite come off. It is for the story *qua* story that the book is interesting, and the legion of characters, no matter how fully they are each expounded, remain people whose inner intimacies we have seen, while neither understanding nor sharing them. Ransome, the self-exiled Englishman with the American grandmother, meeting his old love, Lady Esketh, in an isolated room in the palace for a snatched revival of the post-war pleasures of the flesh, and turning after the flood to marriage with Fern Simon, provides elegant narrative and dubious psychology. The flood changes Fern from obnoxious flapper to earnest youth. It changes Lady Esketh from a weary fashionable slut to a worn woman dying of typhoid, in love for the first time in her amorous life. The flood destroys equally the best and worst buildings in the town. The rains are, in fact, Noah's tested formula for a new world. I doubt that such things happen either in life or in a novel of great literary importance. But indisputably they make a novel packed with incident, excitement, pictures, and vigor. "The Rains Came" is good story telling; it is enjoyable, and long, and India is a long way away.

See page 23 for biographical note on Louis Bromfield.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Distaff Side

THE AMERICAN WOMAN. The Feminine Side of a Masculine Civilization. By Ernest R. Groves. New York: Greenberg. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

MR. GROVES'S book is the first attempt—and therefore a very interesting one—to cover the development of the American woman in all parts of the country. The New England woman in industry, the lady of the South, and the pioneering women of the Midwest and the Far West are described and compared in four hundred detailed and analytical pages. The book is sociology; not feminism. It is a survey of the background of the American woman rather than a study of the American woman herself; but as such it is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of her social adjustments.

Like so many books written in university circles—perhaps because life there is so much more leisurely—this volume begins with Nebuchadnezzar. But the forewarned and forearmed reader will simply skip over all that and begin with the chapter entitled "The Colonial Woman." From this point the book goes on with an interesting account of the main trends and events in American history that have affected women. Some of the influences analyzed are the persecution of the witches in Salem; the spread of the industrial revolution from England to New England; the institution of slave labor in the South; the rush of immigration into the North; the popularization of the sewing machine, the typewriter, and the telephone; the changes brought by the Gold Rush, the Civil War, and the World War; the development of the Woman's Club Movement, the Suffrage Movement, and the Birth Control Movement; the institution of coeducation; the growth of trade unions and labor legislation. Mr. Groves keeps on losing sight of his subject, "woman," but that fortunately does not detract from the interest of his vivid alignment of history. He excels in giving a bird's-eye view of social and economic situations in the past.

For those who are familiar with Miss Edith Abbott's "Women in Industry," published some years ago, the chapters on the New England woman have little new to offer. But the chapters on the Southern woman are entirely fresh and new. The lady whose life rested on cotton has never before been subjected to so much scientific analysis. Mr. Groves shows us very plainly that the economic system of the South before the War was a house built upon the sands. One feels somehow that the people must have realized this and subsisted by a process of self-kidding. Again, Mr. Groves discusses the woman of the West with freshness and originality. They were the last of our frontier women to encounter the Indians—the last women anywhere we believed, until we recently heard from the Japanese front, to be slaughtered with their children by savages. The hardships and loneliness of the vast frontier bred in the Western woman, says Mr. Groves, a new and independent spirit of life: the true spirit of democracy. This American trait, which had been but partly born along the Eastern frontier, reached its first full fruition in the self-sufficient West.

The history of "The American Woman" from the Civil War down to the present covers such a wide range of activities that the record tends to become sketchy. Wishing to invite everyone to the party, the host is obliged to leave some of his guests in neglected corners. As might be expected, the Suffrage Movement receives the most space and the most thorough treatment. The style is without feeling or emotion of any kind. It is easy to imagine how differently Elizabeth Cady Stanton or Charlotte Perkins Gilman or Inez Milholland would have written this book. The work is none the less valuable as orientation and all American women should read it.

Katharine Anthony is the author of several biographies, and of "Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia."

A Novelist Recollects

BACKGROUND IN TENNESSEE. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

THE material suggested by the title of this book is fascinating and important, but certainly difficult to handle, and perhaps it is unfair to have expected from Miss Scott any clear statement about the complicated relationship between her early environment and her contemporary self. Even Proust, in attempting to unravel the tapestry of his memories and trace each thread back to its psychic knot, succeeded in proving only that any journey through the memory must be endless because it is continuously creative. But the reader does ask of an author that he organize his material toward some thesis, however tentative and qualified, and "Background in Tennessee" gives the impression of being a long argument Miss Scott is having with herself before deciding whether or not she will be able to write a book about her background in Tennessee. The result is that what we read is lacking in both structural and essential form, and so breaks off without finishing and runs its course without making any point. It really sounds as if the author had simply noted down her memories of the first years of her life in Clarksville, taking them as they came, the free associations interrupted only when conscience reminded her to toss in some objective material. Tennessee, in other words, comes out a bad second.

MISS SCOTT IN CHILDHOOD

Perhaps this is because Miss Scott really disapproves of her background. That, at least, is what one seems to glimpse behind the lines. On the showing of this book she is a rebel, and became one through realizing that behind the social order that had harbored her joyous childhood, lay injustice and pettiness. Injustice and pettiness, which abound everywhere, are of course notably conspicuous in a small town, but that does not reconcile Miss Scott, who hates provincialism. It is doubly a pity, therefore, that she did not in this book, line up side by side memories of the days when Clarksville was the accepted world and memories of the ensuing years of doubt, analysis, judgment, and escape.

The pattern of childhood acceptance and adolescent escape is common to most writers and to almost all individualists. It has been told so often that to most of us it is no longer interesting unless the narrator has outgrown the rebellion — the driving power of which is egoism—and made at least a spiritual return and some peace with his origins. And there are decided implications throughout this book that the author still judges society from the point of view of an esthetic philosophy—a point of view which fairly precludes any warm interpretation of a small town anywhere on earth.

However, what one really complains about is not that "Background in Tennessee" fails to make this or that point, but that it fails to make any point. Some of the remembering is delightfully told. There is much material that is provocative, and some that is fresh. It is honest. But all this goes for nothing in the general shapelessness.

See page 23 for biographical note on Evelyn Scott.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1937, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Rats, Lice, and Poetry

"Mr. Jeffers has also reached the conclusion that the animals are superior to man, but he finds the waving grasses still more admirable."—S.R.L., *Oct. 16.*

NEVERTHELESS, Mr. Robinson Jeffers has not fully resolved the conflict. From where he perches with an old she-eagle on a cliff far above the darkling plain, struggle and flight seem just the same to him, and whether it is men or lice who struggle does not matter much except that on the whole lice are the more virtuous. What he sees from his pinnacle is all of one piece, and the conclusions he draws from it are sharp and clear. But once an eon the rock trembles ever so gently, just enough to blur the edge of his conclusions with a faint doubt, like breath existing for a moment on a mirror, and the conflict rises up again.

When it doesn't rise up, everything seen by the ancient eagle (but that was another poet) is steel-cut and cold, for the high places bring vision. The beasts are not contemptible: man is contemptible. If life had perished utterly, earth and heaven would have been perfectly lovely. But it hasn't perished and so the cosmos is not abandoned to the inhuman nobility of inhuman things. The best that one can do is to avoid men, live with more kindly wolves and luckier ravens, and wait for the end of things. The end is coming, but not soon enough. So here we crawl and swarm in a purulence of black desire and red blood. Tyrants are ignoble and their victims contemptible. (To know this is to be a poet, and who said that literary people were ignoble and contemptible?) A rich and vulgar and bewildered civilization is dying at the core. But not dying quite fast enough, and so man dreams of his greatest joy, of the supreme gift that his fellows like drunken Jesuses fling at each other. Too proud to face his wish for death before the crowd, he invents war to confer it on him. Mr. Jeffers prefers the kindly wolf.

Yet sometimes the mirror fogs a little. For a moment the scene will have a beauty that may not be marsh-gases burning over putrefaction. There will be an instant of integrity, of wholeness. Now the high place knows, of course, that hope, courage, belief, will, intelligence, or anything like that is part of the gangrenous or erysipeloid corruption, but the instant of integrity or wholeness may be something else. And it occurs in the *lupus vulgaris* that is man. It is hard, in fact impossible, to harmonize with the way the darkling plain looks from the eagle's nest. So the rock trembles and Mr. Jeffers is less than sure.

At least twice in his new book Mr. Jeffers analyzes this conflict for our sake, but another diagnostician should be called in consultation. All such examinations eventually get back to first principles, and it will save space to begin with them. Chesterton once had a parable about conflicting political views on the best way of lighting a city street. A monk who suggested that they begin by determining the nature of light was mobbed by people who wanted action, and in the melee the lamp post was wrecked. But presently the politicians found themselves required to determine the nature of light before they could do anything, only now the discussion had to be conducted in the dark.

It is amazing that only the rudiments of psychoanalytical thought make headway in American literature. Writers behave as if the principle of infantilism could be properly expressed only in infantile terms. What Mr. Eugene O'Neill makes of the Œdipus Complex is about what a Hollywood director would make of Einstein's time-space in a routine for Fred Astaire. Mr. Jeffers's use of it has a million more ergs than Mr. O'Neill's but it remains rudimentary and, what is more important, it ends up with Mr. Jeffers sick and appalled. He begins with the sound principle: Know Thyself. But he comes out with a neurotic principle: Therefore Kill Thyself. So he joins hands with a multitude of modern writers to whom both common sense and psychoanalysis would apply the simple judgment of Bernard Shaw, that the fate of the man who sees life as it is but thinks about it romantically is despair, and such despair isn't worth bothering about.

So men want to poison their fathers with KCN and women want to possess their sons, do they? So the cancerous tissue of the brain quickens with this energy of incest and patricide, does it? Then the hell with men, women, and brains—our guilt is more than we can bear, the race stinks of pus and is less decent than the snakes, and the world will be but an open sewer till the ultimate wandering star has burned it up, cleansed it of life, and freed it to the dominion of the great, beautiful ferns.

But common sense and psychoanalysis point out that men do not poison their fathers, that they neither possess their mothers nor are possessed by them. The cancerous energy so works in them that they grow up to be free adults and to live happily with their wives. The same energy works out in the various ways that distinguish man from the snakes, and common sense sees, if poetry fails to, that there is some credit balance in man's favor.

This familiar dilemma seems to be confined to literature. You work hard to achieve what you are sure is a noble thing, the tragic sense of life. Then, having achieved it, you bellyache because it isn't fun. You still think it might be, though, if only it could get noble enough. So when, from the high place, you see something that looks like a crucifixion, you determine to accept it in the exalted reconciliation of tragedy if the figure on the cross turns out to be an angel. But it turns out to be just a man, so it must be worse than a man, it must be a rat. And crucifixion is too good for it.

Much of the modern world's despair springs from a belief that man ought to be an angel and therefore must be treated as a rat because he isn't. From noble minds loving the theoretical people and being disgusted by the actual mob. From the intellectual's theorem that something must certainly be done about the rat in man, and his assent to the practical idealist's ways of doing something about it. Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini know how to increase the saturation of angelic qualities in man's soul, and no nonsense about it. Poets who agree with them about the rat become preposterous when they object to the measures employed to bring the angel in.

If you look carefully at the crucifixion, however, you will observe that it did not begin in August, 1914, November, 1918, or October, 1929. If there has been a time when life was other than precarious or when mankind was immune from danger, agony, cruelty, or disaster, it must be sought in prehistory only. The dictators promise us that just around the corner is an era when those immunites will be attained, if first we root out the rat in man by pruning him of liberty and individuality and washing him in enough blood. Literature is, of course, perfectly free to agree with them on the ground that man isn't an angel but ought to be.

On the other hand, it is also free to stop sniffling about pin-feathers and to decide that crucifixion is preferable to either massacre or suicide. The best armament against disaster is reconciliation with man as he really is. It is quite true that neither men nor rats smell as sweet as angels are said to and that men have not solved the problems of living together in society. But another differentiation is that men try to solve them. Though crucified, they will go on trying to, independently of the scorn or approval of literary persons.

Literature is very odd, brethren: humanitarianism consists of finding humanity contemptible. Oh, and about lice and the great ferns: they can't read.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Grammarian's Funeral; Prophets at the Crossroads*

Split Infinitives, et al.

SIR:—Your recent strictures on a number of grammatical taboos of long standing and too general acceptance made welcome reading. It is to be hoped that they will have a healthy influence on current and future instruction. There is no adequate justification for objections to a split infinitive solely because it is one, nor to the terminal prepositions or casual antecedents for pronouns. The strict observance of these and similar grammatical pedantries is responsible for much of the stiffness and sluggishness of our more formal prose writings.

With your "lousys," "hells," "hooeys," and words of even more evil repute, when used for their "emotional overtones proper to the context," I can find nothing but praise. To mean "lousy" and refrain from writing it is all you say it is. The only danger is that those who resort too frequently to words of high emotional content are likely to use them not only when they "mean" them, but when they mean any of several other things.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES.

Millburn, N. J.

SIR:—In a recent editorial, you allege the right of the split infinitive to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I come at once to thy right hand to hold the bridge with thee. To wit:

(1.) "He decided instantly to leave the room."

(2.) "He decided to leave the room instantly."

(3.) "He decided to instantly leave the room."

These are three utterly different statements. Each one has its use, for certain purposes. And if the last one is incorrect English, we will hereby make it correct.

A. D. FICKE.

Hillsdale, N. Y.

Ris-ly

SIR:—Not long ago Professor Kittredge, late of Harvard, told the world that "Shakespeare" should be spelled "Shakespere." Columbia Vniversity adopted it for a while but went back to the correct spelling. Now we read in *T. L. S.*, 2 October, 1937, page 715, that the professor says, "The name Wriothesley is pronounced Riz-ly." What a man! He drives me to Poetry; but not for Mr. Benét's criticism.

Harvard's Kittredge is just an old
Griothesley,
His comments are pungent and siothesley,
But I'm here with a bet
That the Prof. is all wet
When Wriothesley he gives us as Riz-ly.

GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco, Calif.

Curtain Call

SIR:—So able a contribution to the clarity of discussion as Mr. Elmer Davis's "Prophets at the Crossroads" deserves a curtain call. He examines two such able minds as Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Gerald Heard and finds them lamentably wanting in the logical technique that alone keeps discussion vital; in its place is personal predilection and a blindness to the obvious exceptions to their generalizations, more impressive than the conformities. And there's the moral which though I dislike preaching, I should draw with a gospel emphasis. Mr. Van Loon may say as a bit of drollery that man hates logic as a cat hates water. But logic is the medium in which men's minds must move if they are to keep afloat and move forward. In shallow waters where at a pinch one can wade, the average mind can get along. But when men with fine mental endowment essay prophecy, their logical endowment is the critical equipment. The reviewer displays notably what the authors notably lack. My compliments to Mr. Davis and the *S. R. L.*

JOSEFH JASTROW.

New York City

"I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW THIS BOOK COMES OUT."

Threshold Man

SIR:—Mr. Elmer Davis's review of "The Third Morality" by Gerald Heard may have been taken with complete content by your readers because it was so witty. But I should like to put in a word with the intent of causing them to reconsider the book. Granted that it is not written as well as Mr. Heard can write: men with something of desperate importance to say often write badly because they have their minds on another point. "The Third Morality" is a book full of the keenest suggestions that lead to an understanding of the present world. It takes the findings of contemporary science and shows how they imply ethical standards in which so many people today long to believe yet have been unable to because of inherited miscomprehensions about the world.

Let the witty review the witty. Mr. Heard is as serious as Tolstoy and Jesus. If Mr. Davis had paused in his epigrammatic ballet long enough to think quietly, he might have turned his talent to the composition of some such line as, "Gerald Heard is a Threshold Man. Come unto him all of ye that seek the Door," etc.

HAROLD COOPER.

Richmond, Va.

Magnificent

SIR:—My gratitude and genuflections to Elmer Davis for his magnificent blowing up of Gerald Heard. Even Mr. Davis has never done a better job—and that, to an old admirer, is saying something.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Brook Farm

SIR:—I am at work on what might be called a biography of Brook Farm. I am in possession of the few books on the subject and have access to some of the papers, but perhaps some of your readers have letters on the subject by people who were a part of that community or who visited there. I shall return anything sent me and be grateful for information as to the Farm.

KATHERINE BURTON.

59 Park Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Labor Front

TWENTY YEARS A LABOR SPY. By GT-99. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1937. $2.50.

THE LABOR SPY RACKET. By Leo Huberman. New York: Modern Age Books. 1937. *Paper:* 35c; *cloth,* 85c.

Reviewed by CLINCH CALKINS

TO anyone who has read most of the source material on labor espionage, which is to say anyone who has closely followed the record of the Civil Liberties Committee, "Twenty Years a Labor Spy" must give the extra fillip of inquisitiveness to a solid meal of clear exposition. Who is GT-99 and why did he

Harris & Ewing
WILLIAM GREEN

write the book? The author uses for his pen name the code number which he says for twenty years he subscribed to his spy reports. He professes to have retired with his memories to a Canadian farm at the end of the 1935 convention of the American Federation of Labor when it drew up a resolution requesting a special investigation of labor espionage.

It is the author's passage on the National Guard, typical of many, that arouses doubts in the reader as to the motive of the book and even the authenticity of the spy. This passage reads in part:

> Two classes of people are interested in working for a strong National Guard —the manufacturers, as represented by Chambers of Commerce and other trade associations, and the men who hold commissions in the Guard. As soon as a strike situation gets beyond the control of local police authority the governor is asked to send the National Guard to preserve order. . . . It is cheaper for an employer to receive protection from a few companies of National Guardsmen than for him to hire several hundred private guards. . . .
>
> Our Centerville clients were anxious to have a few companies of militia in the city, and, as my army experience in some measure qualified me for the task, the chief suggested that I look into the matter of organizing them. . . . The National Guard had never been called out for a strike in this part of the country, and union leaders offered no objection when I became identified with it. Construction of an armory, which would give work to union craftsmen, also favorably impressed the labor element.

Such a wide open statement as this, without documents, would brand the whole book as unsound and prejudiced if it were made by an author who was tackling the subject from without. But GT-99, as autobiographer, gambols on both sides of the fence. The publisher says that the book is not ghosted. All I can say is that a diabolically clever editorial job must have been done upon this life story of a spy to make it sound half the time (from internal evidence) as if it were written by a labor spy and the other half of the time as if it were written by a labor organizer.

Compared with GT-99, Mr. Huberman has the disadvantage of never having been a labor spy. The notes upon which he drew, however, enabled him to make an equally intimate and distasteful picture of the spy at work, and he has succeeded at his task of making clear to the worker the skeleton of what, previous to the Senate investigation of private detective agencies, was a diaphanous enemy. He gives names, dates, figures. He tells what a detective agency is, how it works, how it profits from trouble and therefore incites it, how it recruits spies, what they are paid, and what they do; why employers hire them. He makes usable for labor the two and a half million words of stenographic description of spies which so far lie upon the Senate Record.

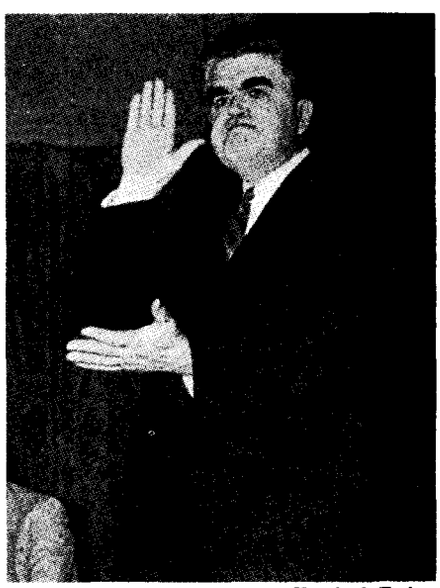
Mr. Huberman is notably successful at simplification, a much nobler and very different art from that of popularizing. This seems to be a technique compounded of logical arrangement, simple words, and almost invariable use of the specific fact as against generality. His material was wealthy and chaotic and he whipped it into small, neat shape. My one quarrel with Mr. Huberman is not over his use of material but over his attitude toward his reader. I should like to raise the question with him as to whether he feels he does a further educational service in adding a fourth ingredient, a sort of emotional instruction sheet, to go with it, as to how the reader is supposed to feel about the fact or idea once it has been communicated to him. His book is too good and too simple to need exclamation points, italics, and heavy sarcasm.

Clinch Calkins's own book, "Spy Overhead," has recently been published.

WHEN LABOR ORGANIZES. By Robert R. R. Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by SELIG PERLMAN

JUST as the pioneer American work on labor, "The Labor Movement in America," by Richard T. Ely, published fifty years ago, was an appraisal of the great labor upheaval of that day, so Professor Brooks's book is a picture and interpretation of the great labor upheaval of our own day. Both chose to write for non-academic publics, both display brilliancy in exposition and mastery of factual material. In both Ely and Brooks the



Harris & Ewing
JOHN L. LEWIS. *Photographs on this page from "When Labor Organizes."*

interpretation is ultra-progressive. Brooks appears a left-wing New Dealer with a sizable admixture of guild socialism.

It seems foreordained that intellectuals studying the labor movement should be overpowered by the factor of technological change. So, Ely saw in the Knights of Labor of that day, a "one big union" variety of labor organization, rather than in the trade unions about to form the American Federation of Labor. Brooks assumes that the American Federation of Labor is an anachronism in the day of the conveyor system and is in fact already being speedily effaced by C. I. O. triumphs. In his enthusiasm he definitely assigns the International Typographical Union with its 80,000 members to the C. I. O. column, and while conceding that with a building boom the building unions may be expected to gain somewhat, he finds solace in the fact that "the building industry is becoming increasingly a matter of assembling prefabricated materials." Granted that the A. F. of L. of 1936 would scarcely have performed the miracle of unionizing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

autos and steel, it may take more than such a conquest, however spectacular and unexpected, to determine the outcome of labor's civil war. In terms of political influence the American Federation of Labor is benefiting from the existence of a rival to the "left" of itself, producing sympathy among a lower middle class which, while refusing to believe that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a dictator, may be influenced to react differently to Lewis. Bizarre though it may sound to a reading public brought up on the concept of the proletariat—read the factory workers *par excellence*—an advanced economic society shows an occupational structure in which trades and miscellaneous special groups are no less important. Hence the friends of the labor movement as well as of American democracy ought to be straining their ears not for the tolling of funeral bells but for voices counseling compromise and reunion.

Selig Perlman is professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin.

No Two Alike

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK. Stories of Several Worlds. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

AS the subtitle indicates, these stories are various in time and place. Several of them deal rather casually with the supernatural. In none of them does the style have the immediacy and the impact which come from first-hand knowledge, and which we now expect from the modern short story.

But there's a catch in this first-hand business. Try to remember accurately the contents of last month's *Story* magazine. You probably won't be able to do it. But you can stop anybody any time with such a story as "The Curfew Tolls," in "Thirteen O'Clock," which goes back of the realistic pattern to an earlier one where narrative is more important than first-hand knowledge of people or places or things. It is the kind of story which is better read aloud. It belongs to the tribe.

No two of Mr. Benét's stories are much alike—not even the already famous "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and "Daniel Webster and the Sea Serpent." All of them are logical and well-made. Even when they seem to be merely clever ("A Story by Angela Poe") or merely charming ("Glamour") they are not really so. When Mr. Benét approaches an important subject, when he faces the meaning of Nazi brutality, for example, he can carry that kind of story off, too. Anyone who reads "The Blood of the Martyrs" is more than likely to remember it, and if you remember a story, there is little point in worrying about the literary fashion it follows.

A Rare English Poet

EDWARD THOMAS: A Biography and A Bibliography. By Robert P. Eckert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS account of a young and remarkable writer who from poetry in prose turned to poetry in verse at the time of the late Great War, and was killed by a German shell at Vimy ridge, is a book overdue, and constitutes a long search and a labor of love on the part of Mr. Eckert, who did not even know Thomas's identity until some seven years ago. His first introduction to him was through that most candidly beautiful of love stories told by the poet's widow, Helen Thomas, in "As It Was." Mr. Eckert did not identify the "David" in it till later. The book was simply signed "H. T."

To many American poets Thomas's work has been known for some time, though his recognition was late. Most of his life of less than forty years (he was born in the Victorian era and died on Easter Monday, 1917) was devoted to prose writing in order to keep body and soul together and support his little family. He produced some most beautiful essays concerning the English countryside, did various works of biography and jobs of editing, and wrote one novel, "The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans." Before leaving England for the Front he gave to Roger Ingpen, the famous Shelley scholar, the manuscript of his "Poems by Edward Eastaway" (using a pen-name he had attached to six previously published poems), and this book was said to have been in the press when Thomas was killed in France on the ninth of April. It was published in 1917. Three years later Walter de la Mare wrote a foreword to the "Collected Poems."

One of the most interesting things about Thomas to Americans was his close friendship with Robert Frost and the influence Frost exerted upon him in turning him definitely to verse in the last phase of his life. They first met at the home of Dorothy and Vivian Locke Ellis in February 1913, at which time Thomas was estranged from his wife, to whom he returned, and who, throughout his life, was his most staunch and understanding comrade and lover. Mr. Eckert quotes

> Not so grete feythe in al that londe he
> Fonde as in a woman; and this is no lye.

The reader should turn to "As It Was" and "World Without End," both by "H. T."

Thomas was by nature highly sensitive and moody, and when he felt he was not properly supporting his wife and small children, though he drove himself to task after journalistic task, the acid

Hoppé

EDWARD THOMAS

ate into his soul. Even so, to the present biographer his best essays ("Rest and Unrest" and "Light and Twilight") reveal one "who was possessed of a deep spiritual beauty of character and a wide and universal sympathy for men and nature; who, with Shelley and Jefferies, was aware of the universe, that nature is vitally alive."

He and his family moved much, from home to small home over the English countryside, but never seemed truly to find a home. Thomas was given to long walking trips, mostly alone. Apparently wrapped in melancholy abstraction, he was yet a close observer of all the characteristics of the country and all manner of minute natural detail.

Edward Thomas's country poetry, in natural turns of speech, has weathered the last twenty years very well. It can be read today with delight in its freshness of observation and expression. His "Haymaking" is full of good things:

> The swift with wings and tail as sharp and narrow
> As if the bow had flown off with the arrow. . .

And here is a brief but much-admired poem of Thomas's:

COCK-CROW

> Out of the wood of thought that grows by night
> To be cut down by the sharp axe of light,—
> Out of the night, two cocks together crow,
> Cleaving the darkness with a silver blow:
> And bright before my eyes twin trumpeters stand,
> Heralds of splendor, one at either hand,
> Each facing each as in a coat of arms:—
> The milkers lace their boots up at the farms.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Federal Theater

(*Continued from page 4*)

chester, N. H.; Waterloo, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb. Other cities received a mixture of these and livelier and more weighty dramas. San Diego saw "The Wild Duck," San Francisco, "The Emperor Jones." "An Enemy of the People" was unfolded in Chicago, "Twelfth Night" in Miami, and Wilmington was regaled —not altogether to its joy—by "Julius Caesar" in modern dress.

This dramatic bill of fare, a varied and extensive one, was flavored, wherever the flavoring was at all palatable to the audience, with as large a dash of social drama as the audience would swallow—plays like "Triple-A Ploughed Under," "Class of '29," "Battle Hymn," and "Chalk Dust." New York, by the way, got by far the heaviest dose of propaganda. Perhaps the most ambitious scheme of production was the simultaneous presentation of twenty-one acting companies in Sinclair Lewis's dramatized "It Can't Happen Here" in eighteen different cities. Mr. Lewis, also an astute showman, probably realized that 21 times 50 equals $1,050—higher weekly royalties than most good plays and any bad play—like "It Can't Happen Here"—could possibly receive on Broadway.

Much praise has been bestowed on the Federal Theater for its courage and sagacity in trying out classic and experimental plays which the public would not otherwise have seen. It is true that the best, the most interesting, and—a healthy sign—the most successful Federal Theater shows were all plays of this nature. In this connection, however, there is a point that ought to be stressed in fairness to the hard-boiled men of commerce in the professional theater: namely, that a subsidized theater which does not have to—which is not, in fact, allowed to—make money need not take expense into account or consider risks. With unlimited rehearsal time, and unlimited actors at its disposal—actors who must be given employment at a fixed relief wage—it is not only fun to experiment, it is easy. "It Can't Happen Here," for instance, as presented in New York by the Federal Theater, with a huge cast and multiple scene changes, would have cost a Broadway manager at least $30,000 to produce and from $10,000 to $15,000 weekly to operate. At a $3.30 top, the show would have had to run for six or eight weeks, at least, at capacity even to get out of the red. The Federal Theater, without any high labor costs (labor eats up from sixty to seventy per cent of overhead and operating costs in the professional theater), with a low theater rental, signed on a long-term basis, and with the material costs of production considerably depressed owing to bulk buying, was obviously able to present the play for a much smaller sum, and it could let the show run ad infinitum at a fifty-five cent top, if it chose to, without worrying about whether the intake paid for the weekly overhead or the production costs (which, needless to say, it didn't). The Federal Theater, too, could experiment with what is said to have been tremendously expensive lighting equipment for "Faustus," picking and choosing, keeping and discarding material at will (since everything that was not used could be sent to the FTP shop), where a commercial manager would have to count the cost.

There is no criticism, real or implied, in the statement that Federal Theater productions did not have to be governed by the laws of economics—since the FTP was deliberately set up on a basis on which it could not compete with private enterprise and its shows were never expected to pay expenses on a cash and carry basis. But when people wonder: "Why is it that Broadway managers don't experiment the way the Federal Theater does?" there is one perfectly good answer in the oft-repeated phrase: "It's too damned expensive." And when they say: "Well, isn't it grand to see the Federal Theater experimenting?" the answer is: "Yes. Provided the physical cost of experimentation does not consume too much of the money allocated for relief."

To Hallie Flanagan, National Director of the project, formerly professor of drama at Vassar, must go the credit for coördinating the whole unwieldy project, for making order out of the chaos that first reigned in the twelve regional districts set up over the country (now reduced to five), and for accomplishing a gigantic task. Mrs. Flanagan, her critics state, had a tendency to pick the wrong people for important jobs. She certainly gave positions to a great many people who had had little or no practical experience in anything but amateur theatricals. But, in fairness to her, it must be stated that, at first, none of the best professionals would have anything to do with the undertaking. And, considering the tremendous practical difficulties, the Government red tape that had to be cut before anything at all could be done, even her severest critics admit her accomplishment.

The charge that she, more than anyone else, has been responsible for the strong left-wing tendencies of the project, especially in the New York area, Mrs. Flanagan must, at least indirectly, admit. At the outset, she urged all the playwrights on relief (very few of them were playwrights at all, if playwriting is to be judged by standards other than those of wishful thinking) to write out of their own experience. It was only to be expected that most of them would turn to that theme which was nearest to their hearts—bitterness against the social system that had denied them success and a living wage. If any of them had really been fine playwrights, a "Lower Depths" might have resulted; as it was, a series of, for the most part, petulant and inexpert radical plays were fabricated, which only served, many believe, to turn away from the Federal Theater a large potential audience which was not interested in radical plays, especially when they were bad plays.

The Federal Theater—laying the blame for the charges of radicalism at the feet of William Randolph Hearst and the economic royalists—does not believe that its plays have been too radical. And it denies the fact that any of its audience has been turned away by propaganda. The New York office, in fact, has a list of about 5,000 organizations—social, religious, economic, etc.—to which it regularly sends applications for block booking of tickets and it claims that none of these, so far, has been driven from the fold by the fear of Red propaganda in their plays. On the other side of the picture, a former director of one large FTP unit (an honest man, even if he remains nameless) claims that he saw the responses from one series of applications in New York and that practically the only organizations applying for tickets were left-wing groups. All the vast right-wing audience, he believes, has been alienated, by the propaganda, direct or indirect. And while he does not think that most of the FTP heads would go as far as Miss Whitman in asserting that "no better use for the taxpayer's money could be found" than to "tell the taxpayers how to vote" (at least, not for publication) he is firmly convinced that drama, to the majority of the directors, means theater with a living—and one-sided—message.

Looked at—in too close perspective—as an artistic rather than a relief project, the FTP has accomplished, so far, little of any lasting consequence. It has developed no great actors, playwrights, directors, designers, or technicians—but then no one expected that it would. The one important contribution that it may, in time, be proved to have made to American theatrical history—and this can only be judged in later years—is to kindle and rekindle interest in flesh and blood drama throughout the country among the thousands, or millions, who had not seen a stage play for years or had never seen one. Many people are convinced that it already has accomplished this feat; many others, that the interest aroused is only abortive, that the bad productions and the low price scale of the FTP will hinder rather than help the professional theater. But if even one-tenth of the vast audience the Federal Theater has reached is reclaimed for the professional theater of generations to come, a theater presenting "living action and real theater" throughout the land, then the millions of dollars spent will be paid back, with dividends, to the drama of the future.

Morton Eustis, contributing editor of Theatre Arts Monthly, *is the author of "B'way, Inc." and "Players at Work."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woollcott Presents:

From the forthcoming "Woollcott's Second Reader," shortly to be published by the Viking Press, The Saturday Review *prints three of the eighteen "Afterwords" written by Alexander Woollcott in comment upon certain selections in his anthology. Although addressed to readers who have just finished the books under discussion, they are equally interesting, if not more so, as introductions. We publish them herewith as a unique variant of our occasional feature, "The Test of Time."*
—THE EDITOR.

R. H. Hoffman
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
From "U. S. Camera, 1935" (Morrow).

Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age"

IN 1895, a year in which my own reading was pretty much confined to "Tom Sawyer"—after sundown I was under orders to skip the chapter on Injun Joe and the murder in the graveyard because it invariably led me to disturb the family by screaming in my sleep—in that distant era, the Olympians around me had sated themselves on the disturbing delights of "Trilby" and turned to this gentle and delicate masterpiece which had just come out of England. For some years thereafter, "The Golden Age" and its sequel "Dream Days" could be found within reach in every house in England and America where there were any books at all. "The Golden Age" even underwent the experience of being illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. It was read aloud to all the little wide-eyed Roosevelts in the White House, and the Kaiser kept a copy aboard his yacht. One seldom sees it anywhere nowadays; all around me now are youngsters who have never read "The Roman Road" nor heard the burglars vanish into the shrubbery with horrid implications.

The inconsequent chapters of "The Golden Age" were the holiday fantasies of a seemly banker chap who became in due time the Secretary of the Bank of England—this Kenneth Grahame who was born in Edinburgh in 1859 and died in 1932. The haze-hung prelude called "The Olympians" and several other chapters were wrung from him as contributions to the *National Observer,* a weekly of which the stormy editor, William Ernest Henley, tried in vain to persuade this promising pen to abandon the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street altogether. But it was Grahame's own notion that he was a spring and not a pump. Editors would be wise not to count on him. Oddly enough, the bulk of the papers which make up "The Golden Age" first appeared (along with the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley and other agitating ephemera of the mauve decade) in that short-lived periodical called the *Yellow Book.*

After thus momentously "commencing author," Grahame then took on such exacting work at the bank that some years passed without a word from him. Indeed, he might never have been heard from again had he not married and found himself with a small exigent son—Alastair Grahame, who was known around the house as Mouse. Mouse demanded a story every night before he would go to sleep. One May evening in 1904, Mouse's mother, waiting for her husband to escort her to a dinner engagement, stood tapping her foot in the hallway. "Where is Mr. Grahame, Louise?" Her maid, standing with fan, shawl, and cloak held in readiness, replied with a sniff of disapproval: "He's with Master Mouse, madam. He's telling him some ditty or other about a toad." This was the first announcement of "The Wind in the Willows." For even when Mouse was shipped off with his governess for a summer at Littlehampton, the story had to be continued by post and it was from these fifteen letters, which the governess had the wit to save, that the book was put together. Ever since the first success of "The Golden Age," all American editors had been beseeching Grahame for copy. Wherefore when "The Wind in the Willows" was ready for print he sent it to the editor of *Everybody's Magazine* who turned it down. All that was long ago. *Everybody's* is no more, and Mouse himself was killed at a railway crossing when he was an undergraduate at Oxford.

Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale"

On the dust-jacket of "Cakes and Ale: or The Skeleton in the Cupboard" in its current American edition, Mr. Maugham's publishers print the following paragraph:

> Rosie, the barmaid, was the skeleton in the cupboard, who by her zest for living raised the lives of her lovers to higher and more vivid levels.

Which succinct summary might strike the captious as leaving certain odds and ends of the novel's substance unaccounted for. It strikes even the not overly critical compiler of these footnotes as leaving something still to be said. To be sure, a good deal *was* said when the book was first published in 1930, except, as far as I know, the salient thing—that, as an example of the storyteller's art, "Cakes and Ale" is a masterpiece unsurpassed in our language in our time.

When Boswell's now hallowed life of Dr. Johnson was new, it seemed so freshly topical, so personal and even sensational a work that only after the dust had settled, did many appreciate it as a biography not without merit. In somewhat the same way, "Cakes and Ale"—particularly in its own London—was so promptly identified as a *roman à clef* and as such caused so many outbursts of wrath, so many gusts of nervous and malicious laughter, that its brilliance as a novel—its astounding technical dexterity and its brimming charm—were, for a time, lost sight of. It was surely inevitable that Driffield's achievement of literary fame by sheer longevity should bring to mind Thomas Hardy, that Mrs. Whiffen of English letters, who only two years before had to a great extent—his heart was taken out and buried elsewhere—been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Wherefore Hardy's friends were filled with grief in the not unreasonable fear that readers who did not know any better might think of Ted Driffield's personal life—particularly the early part with all its unseemly skullduggery—as having also been patterned after Hardy's. Then all the wiseacres felt sure they knew at whom Mr. Maugham was pointing when

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he etched with acid his portrait of Alroy Kear. Indeed, one British novelist, promptly suspected by his friends of having inspired the character, was kept for some months under their surveillance, though whether in fear that he would do damage to himself or to Mr. Maugham I am not sure. Finally, under the palpable pseudonym of A. Riposte, somebody since identified as one Elinor Mordaunt, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation, dashed off for publication the following year a feeble tale called "Gin and Bitters" of which the central figure—also, oddly enough, a novelist—was an unscrupulous and uncivil opportunist pictured as behaving shabbily in various outposts of the empire. If this was intended as a solace to those whom "Cakes and Ale" had outraged, it proved unequal to a task for which, with all the bad will in the world, A. Riposte was otherwise ill equipped.

One aspect of "Cakes and Ale" puzzles me considerably. The author of "The Moon and Sixpence," "Miss Thompson," the superb novel called "Of Human Bondage," and many a triumphant play has enjoyed, one would think, all the rewards from without—fame, critical appreciation, popular success, abundant financial return—which can ever be a writer's portion in his own lifetime. Yet on all the topics that eternally agitate New Grub Street, "Cakes and Ale" is filled with as much tacit and smoldering resentment as if it had been written by Maxwell Bodenheim.

Finally, in all my admiration for "Cakes and Ale" for the delicate dance of its shuttle between past and present, for the uncanny art whereby all its contrasting milieus are evoked—the vicarage, the Driffields' hangout at Blackstable, Mrs. Hudson's lodging-house, and above all the shiny *décor* for the apotheosis of Rosie in Yonkers—I would not for the world have it thought that I condone Mr. Maugham's use at one point of "infer" when he means "imply."

Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Stories"

When young Richard Hughes published his enthralling tale known in this country as "The Innocent Voyage"—in its own London, the title was "High Wind in Jamaica"—its presentation of children as a race apart and rather a savage one caused great mirations as something new in a world which had already forgotten, if it had ever really known, the "Whilomville Stories." They were written in the last two years of a life cut short before its time. Born in Newark, New Jersey, the last child of an elderly Methodist preacher, Stephen Crane died in Badenweiler, Germany, in the summer of 1900. He did not live to be thirty. He left behind him such works as "The Open Boat" and "The Red Badge of Courage" and (if you would like to examine a superb Hemingway story written before Hemingway was born) "The Blue Hotel." These he wrote and others, including the "Whilomville Stories," which you will find scattered through the files of *Harper's* for 1899 and 1900.

In "Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters"—a biographical sketch put forth in an era when it was a fashion in America among the younger writers to spend ten minutes each day in severely admiring Stephen Crane—Thomas Beer makes it clear that the shearing of the locks in "The Angel Child" harks back to a time when young Stephen Crane's older brother (to the wrath of their mother) cut his own curls away from him. Later he himself took pity on two hapless victims of the Fauntleroy fashion and shepherded them to a barber shop. These Reginald Birch curls appear to have haunted Crane unduly and Thomas Beer, too. In Beer's account of the "Whilomville Stories" I find this sentence. "But the stories were not popular among mothers trained on Mrs. Burnett's patent food and male critics only were loud in praise. It was left for Booth Tarkington to prove the justice of Crane's performance and with gallantry to remind the public of his predecessor's exploit." Now, since the immortal Penrod had always seemed to me Jimmie Trescott seen through eyes as honest and observant but more genially philosophic, I was eager to read any word on the "Whilomville Stories" which might have been said by the gentleman from Indiana. Failing to find in the library any trace of such tribute, I appealed to Mr. Tarkington, who, however, could not remember what he had said or where or when. He will not mind my quoting his letter.

> I think Mr. Beer is mistaken about "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which certainly *wasn't* the obscuration. It's the most natural thing in the world to say that recently past "generations" were sentimental boobs—but usually that's too easy a conclusion. The "Whilomville Stories" were received with applause and pleasure when they appeared in the magazine. I suppose the book may not have had a great circulation; probably the "popular reader" felt something like a physical slightness in the material.
>
> The sequence seems to me: "Tom Sawyer," "Helen's Babies," "Whilomville Stories," Owen Johnson's "Lawrenceville Stories," "The Tennessee Shad," etc. No doubt there were "realistic children" before Mark Twain—bits in Dickens and elsewhere—and, of course, Tom and Huck are realistic only in character. He gave 'em what boys don't get, when it came to "plot." All that the boy, Sam, had wished to happen, he made happen.
>
> Through all the years—over fifty?—since I read "Helen's Babies," I seem to remember that they really were children. But when it comes to the Whilomville series, there's no seeming about it. Crane's children *were* children; nobody could forget that in twice fifty years. He built them without the waste of a word and at the same time didn't lose a hair of their heads; it's all beautifully, beautifully done.

The "Whilomville Stories" were first printed at a time when any editor or publisher, on discovering traces of irony in a manuscript, hastily engaged Peter Newell to illustrate it lest any reader overlook the humorous intent. And I remember that in *Harper's* each story had as a headpiece a line-drawing by Edward B. Edwards. It was a vista of a village street, much such a street as the one in Roseville, New Jersey, or Port Jervis, New York, on which Master Stephen Crane used to play marbles. A good many years have passed since I first scuffed the autumn leaves along the footways of Whilomville, but I have never forgotten the nightmare of Jimmie Trescott's lunch-pail nor the bitter comedy of his life at Sunday School. No, nor the horror of his attempts at public speaking. I first read "Making an Orator" at a time when, in the assembly hall of the Germantown Combined School, I myself had come to a dead halt with Sheridan still ten miles away. He was still there when I left the platform.

Young Love

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SHUTTING the door of the shed—the bang doesn't break the dead
Sleep of the parents—the boy pushes out his machine
And stamps on the starter. As the quick tattoo bursts out
The lazy dawn is quickened. He shoves the bike about
And trundles it into the roadway—for a moment he stands,
As the engine throbs and stutters; he looks at his hands,
Clasped last night by her hands, he gazes away
To the east whence is summoned the slow reluctant day,
And remembers the night, and the fire-flies and the high
Song of a late-nesting bird. "It is I! It is I!"
Sang the bird—"Isn't it you? Isn't it you?"
Then the lit cigarette
Shows him a man: he knows that this day must be met
As tho' it were real as last night. Ah! that was true!
That was himself and she.
Goggles over the eyes,
And he strides his machine. "I arise
From dreams of thee!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XIV. Old Fox

UNCLE PAN quietly enters the guest room with a tray. In a faintly exaggerated representation of the perfect servant he draws curtains, delicately whisks out of sight anything that looks disorderly, straightens a vivid negligée and a pair of fluffy mules. Noticing the sand-glass set aside on the mantel he methodically turns it over and starts it running, checking it with his watch. Then he clinks the tray gently at the bedside.

Half rousing, Cressida looks at him silently.

Shall I pour the coffee miss? Lovely morning after the rain. I hope the storm didn't keep you awake, miss. Nothing like a good sleep to renew the faculties. . . . Or would you like me to run the bath before you take breakfast?

She sits up, he hands her the wrap for her shoulders. Still she says nothing, so he brings her a cigarette and lights it.

I thought I'd wait on you myself. Dares is so easily shocked.

I can't quite believe that.

Nor can I. As a matter of fact, I've sent him out for some new harpstrings. I knew the damp weather would get them.

She seems impassive. You old fox, she says presently.

But a helpful old fox. He brings up a chair and sits, putting in his monocle. Have some coffee?

Is the cream tarnished?

Well I hope not. (He looks at it, rather surprised.) Do you like it that way.

It's lovely.—What time is it? O damn your soul, you've turned over the sand-glass.

Certainly. Household routine. I like to keep things moving.

We wanted to keep it as it was . . . Now it's all running out.

It's good for the sand. The more you run it, the smoother it gets.

I thought maybe it could stand still; just a little while. . . . O, Uncle Pan, what have you done to us? Don't make fun of me; I love him so.

So do I. I love you both. I must show you the note he left for me. A little incoherent, but unmistakably grateful. Not a bread and butter letter, he said, but ambrosia and nectar.

I didn't know anyone could be so dear.

There, there, my poor child; now, now, now, you're upset. That's awfully good coffee, don't cry into it.

I'm *not* upset. I'm glorious, I'm magnificent, but I can't help, you don't know, he won't ever, I mean—harpstrings aren't the only things that get broken.—Take away this cigarette, I'll burn up your lovely bed.

She holds it out to him as she turns to bury her face in the pillow. Uncle Pan takes the cigarette and holds it pensively, keeping a wise silence. After a pause she regains control, sits up again and takes back the smoke.

I'm sorry. It's my dormouse blood, just wanting to burrow out of sight.—I had a dream. I couldn't remember it when Troilus was here; I wouldn't have told him anyway, he was so happy. Then I went to sleep again and it came back to me: a huge horrible face, part animal and part human and something like a grotesque theatre mask. The mouth was wide open but it didn't move, and out of it came broadcasting, a harsh metal voice. I couldn't understand a word but it was full of hatred, a sort of gloating triumph. It was so positive, it sounded as though it must be true.

You've been thinking too much about those gas masks we saw. You mustn't let things like that work on your mind.

It was something like a gas mask, but also it made me think of that silly thing the Greeks have been building. Uncle Pan, it *was:* it was a horse's face, but huge, enormous, and I could see our men going up to it, laughing. They looked so small beside it, and suddenly I knew it was dangerous, it was coming alive. I tried to scream, and woke up.

And it was me.

O, I suppose other people's dreams always seem silly.

It was a nightmare—rather appropriate, by the way. If it's only the wooden horse, I wouldn't worry. We were talking about it at the club. Everybody agrees it's a big advertisement of some sort; probably for whiskey. The Greeks are great merchandisers. They figure if they can't beat us in war at least they'll sell us some goods.

I don't care what the damn thing is as long as it doesn't hurt *him.*

Let's be more cheerful, says Pan, going over to a radio built into the wall. I thought you'd like to hear Ilium this morning.

I guess I may as well give up trying to enjoy this coffee.

They're broadcasting from the battlefield, we might hear something interesting.

The Radio Voice:—

. . . . so you can hear it for yourselves. (A far-away din of shouts, weapons, mixed noises). We're on the wall, overlooking the whole field. Fighting begins earlier these days, since the enemy have shown so much activity. Our men are trying some new tactics. Colonel Hector is far out on the right wing, he has taken his infantry under cover down toward the river to try a flank movement, while Captain Troilus and the cavalry start a diversion on the other side. Troilus is back from leave, his arm is okay, and certainly he's making a wonderful comeback from his recent slump. Folks, I wish you could see this as I do, it's really impressive. All the boys are in great shape. Deiphobus is another who looks to be in top form, he's just led a rush of storm-troops into the center, he's raring to avenge the capture of his sidekick Antenor. There's some mighty smart work going on, wait a minute till I get the hang of this: yes, I can see Troilus signal to Aeneas, Aeneas and his crowd make a quick charge—Boy, that had those Spartans guessing—and Troilus has cut far out. He's turning, he's coming in on an angle, he's got them by surprise. He's in the thick of it. Wow! another Greek down. There he goes, there he goes, watch him—it's Troilus, folks. Say, that boy is breathing fire today. He certainly picked up some fresh pep on his vacation. He's taking on three Greeks at once, he's quick as a flash. He's down—no, only off his horse, he's all right, he's fighting on foot—he *is* down—only stumbled, just on one knee; he's up again. Achilles has noticed what a swath the boys are cutting, he's coming to back up the Greek line—and can he *come!* Everybody knows enough to watch out for Achilles; careful Troilus old boy; easy now, watch it; O, swell! Whew! Achilles aimed a savage one. Folks that was some stroke, terrific, but Troilus turned it. He's shaken off the others, he's taking Achilles single-handed, he's trading him sword for sword. Now Deiphobus is with him, they've got the big fellow boxed, he's got to give ground. There's a whole rally around them, I can't see for dust. Say folks, that's fighting. Now I'm going to turn over the mike to our military observer who'll give you the technical angle, but I just want to remind you . . . .

Cressida gestures. Turn it off, I can't stand it.

Pandarus is pleased by what he has heard; he puts in his monocle and is rather demure. Something seems to have put our friend back in form. It just shows, we can all do our bit, one way or another. . . I must toddle down to the office and do mine.

But Cressida still has something worrying her.

Uncle Pan, what was that telephone call last night?

Pandarus had not expected this, and seems a shade embarrassed.

To be frank, I don't know precisely. I rang Long Distance this morning, but

(*Continued on page* 18)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who is this man?

"A Don Quixote born out of his time."— *Royal Cortissoz*

"An exploding bomb. A revelation in human dynamics."— *New York Times*

"The only re-incarnation of Isaiah and Job."—*William James*

"A radiant being."— *Van Wyck Brooks*

"A haunting figure . . A master of words."— *Bliss Perry*

"One of the best writers of his day."— *Clifton Fadiman*

He is JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, and his biography is: "One of the year's most important and most engrossing books."— *Springfield Republican*

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN
AND HIS LETTERS
By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

"Whoever misses this biography loses hours of enjoyment and passes by one of the outstanding books of the season at least. Don't do it even if you think biography does not interest you. This one will."— *Boston Transcript* Illustrated, $4.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

In Two Directions

JOHN CORNELIUS. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE reader of this novel may find himself echoing Lord Palmerston's famous criticism of one of Gilbert Scott's designs—"Neither one thing nor 'tother—a regular mongrel affair." "John Cornelius" is in the painful situation of being forced to move in two opposite directions, towards prickly fact and towards a mild and allegorical mysticism. Any novel, in such a predicament, may be expected to give forth an occasional call for help; and you will find in "John Cornelius" such deprecating and disingenuous pleas as "I don't know whether Anne is the heroine of this book or no" or "I think, perhaps (although I did not know it until now), that the whole of this book has been written towards this letter. And nevertheless it may appear to some readers that the letter is of little importance." The reader is not deceived, but he feels that a novel which professes not to know either its own heroine or its destination is rather beyond his help. Irritated by such confidences, he is inclined to pass by on the other side.

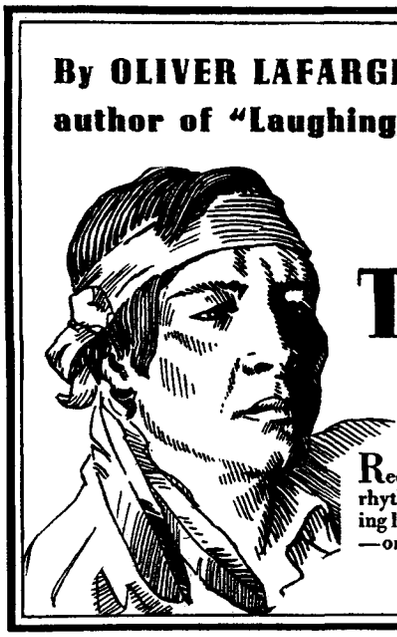
Yet in one way "John Cornelius" deserves to awake the good Samaritan in us. It may be the worst constructed of all Walpole's many novels, but there is an unfamiliar eagerness in it. We have come to expect from this author a type of novel in which munificence and competence are mingled with all the ease of long and successful practice, and in which a remarkable talent has ceased to be remarkable and become relentless. "John Cornelius" has all the faults which are usually connected with youth and sincerity. Its movement is ungainly and impulsive, its invention obvious, it is enthusiastically diffident. Walpole must have been very much in earnest to have written it.

John Cornelius was the remarkably ugly child of a washerwoman and an impoverished gentleman. He was born in a town called Port Merlin and seems to have been convinced that he was a genius and that people would like him as much as he liked them. For the first half of the book he is something between a tragic clown and a character in a fairy tale. The world he moves in is monstrous and magical and always about to turn into a nightmare. Walpole is always happy with scenes and personages which are out-size, improbable, and even dangerous because a child perceives them; and so long as Cornelius remains a child the story has, on the whole, a characteristic appeal. But you feel at the same time that he is using this antic Cornelius for a purpose more moral than fictional, and that over the ugly features of his young hero there frequently stiffens the less pleasing mask of the child evangelist.

When Cornelius finally grows up, turns novelist, settles into the literary world of London, your uneasiness increases. The novel seems to be edging into the category of non-fiction. It is not merely that Cornelius himself becomes more tentative and piecemeal; it also begins to look as if Walpole were satisfying a private vendetta. The literary men of London are either mean or pompous or malicious or insignificant or foolish or mad. Clearly Walpole has not that gift, so noticeably possessed by one of his contemporaries, for taking people straight out of life and unkindly disguising them to look like themselves. These men are comments, not characters.

See page 23 for biographical note on Hugh Walpole.

By OLIVER LAFARGE
author of "Laughing Boy"



The Enemy Gods

Red Man's world — or White Man's world? The rhythmic beat of dancing warriors, the warm, mocking laughter of Navajo girls, the beauty of old rituals —or the smart machine-made world of the Whites. $2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

It does for the American literary scene what THE GEORGIAN SCENE did for English books and authors..

BELOW are a few glimpses into Dr. Vernon Loggins' brilliant story of what has happened to American literature since Stephen Crane's "miracle of writing." Crane began a revolt that has released us from Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier, and replaced these old gods with the literary descendants of Walt Whitman, Emerson, Mark Twain and Henry James—the moderns.

Dr. Loggins has been in the thick of this literary upheaval all his life, as student, teacher and critic. Because he knows personally many of the men and women of whom he writes, you will find his book to be much more than astute criticism—it is a stimulating, vigorous and intimate picture of the 20th-century literary giants.

EMILY DICKINSON—in whom "three personalities seem to have been busy at the task of creation—a marvelous child, a seer, and a woman in love."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON—creator of "a verse *comédie humaine* wider in range than Chaucer's, or Browning's."

ROBINSON JEFFERS—"as frank as the Bible in dealing with sex, and as direct as Homer in depicting physical torture."

THEODORE DREISER—who wrote "the first big American novel to treat truly life's most pressing personal problem, the problem of man's need for love."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY—"If a splendid new English prose is in the process of the making, Hemingway is its chief promoter."

EUGENE O'NEILL—"The one American who deserves to rank with Marcel Proust, James Joyce, and Thomas Mann as probers into the deep inner motives of man's behavior."

CONRAD AIKEN—Who "attempted to make words say what music says."

H. L. MENCKEN—alias the Bad Boy, the Antichrist, The Scourge of God and Man. "Although he hates reformers and delights in making them his target, he will go down in history as a reformer."

EDITH WHARTON—"She caught just in time a vanishing phase of American life."

JAMES BRANCH CABELL—"If he is a romanticist bent upon escape, then so were Aristophanes, Rabelais, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Voltaire, Mark Twain, and Anatole France."

RING LARDNER—"All the distinctive Lardner stories one after one lay bare the pathos of brainless living."

I HEAR AMERICA deals with forty-four authors in all, in relation to the twelve dominant literary trends of the world today. It does for America today what THE GEORGIAN SCENE did for the England of a generation ago. 378 pages, $2.50.

I Hear America . . .

LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1900

By Vernon Loggins

THE THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY Crowell NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from page* 15)

when I found out who it was from, I didn't pursue the matter.

Something confidential?

I suppose I ought to tell you. It was your father, trying to reach you from the Greek Headquarters.

XV. Family Affairs

Sunday night supper at Priam's palace is always an event. Fuscus watches carefully as the legitimate sons pass in, orderly and in file, led by Hector. The slave counts them off, or pretends to, but he soon gets his numbers mixed up. Wait a minute, wait a minute, he exclaims, no pushin' folks.

If we were counting we would observe that 18 legitimate sons file in. They are well-mannered, and pass in line along the serving table while Fuscus dishes out the food. But the slave is bothered. Ain't somebody lackin? Where's Marse Trolius?

No one seems to know. The eighteen go up into the right hand side of the grandstand, which is of two sections. The dexter side has 19 places; the sinister, 31.

Fuscus opens the door again and admits the other sons. In this second batch there is some grumbling about the fare. Sweet Ceres! crabs Deiphobus. Beans again! To which Fuscus: Yes, an' you-all lucky to get dat. All de professors say it's economics workin' on us. Chancechillun got no call to be so finicky. 'Pears to me you-all make mo' fuss dan de regulars.

Priam and Hecuba (she with her knitting) sit back comfortably to admire the gathering. I always enjoy Sunday supper, says the King. It makes me feel we've really achieved something.

It's a pity they can't all sit down at a table and be refined, laments Hecuba with maternal solicitude. Their manners get so rough, and they eat too fast.

There's one missing, Priam notices. Who is it? Hand me the chart. Helen passes him a seating plan and he studies it. It's Troilus.

Hecuba is thoughtful: I've been worried about him lately. He used to be such a home boy, always busy at his books, and now when I call up he's never in his room.

Well, says Priam genially, if there's anything wrong with him I wish it'd happen to the others too. He's been wonderful on the field lately; extraordinary. I never saw such an improvement. That fight-talk I gave the boys certainly must have had an effect.—I guess they're about ready. Fuscus, you can ring.

The black rings the bell; there is immediate silence in the grandstand. All the sons' eyes are on Priam. He lifts his glass, looks toward the dexter section, drinks, and bows to them.

In unison they shout: Health, Father and Mother!

He does the same toward the others, who shout—even a little louder, in rivalry or humorous defiance—Health, Father!

Thank you, Priam says politely. Boys, I want to tell you that I'm very much pleased. We've made real improvement lately and I think we have a right to celebrate a little. You know our old Sunday evening tradition: all the family together, open meeting, and anybody can say anything that's on his mind.

Hector rises, holds up his hand, is acknowledged.

If you please sir, this is something I've hesitated to mention, but it comes under the head of family business. When I say family, I include everybody here, even Fuscus.

(Ironical cheers from the bastard benches: Hurray! Is Zat So! Thanks old boy! Fusky, take a bow! Who was Fusky's father?)

Just as a point of order, says Priam placably, allusions involving paternity are unparliamentary. Please remember, there are ladies present.

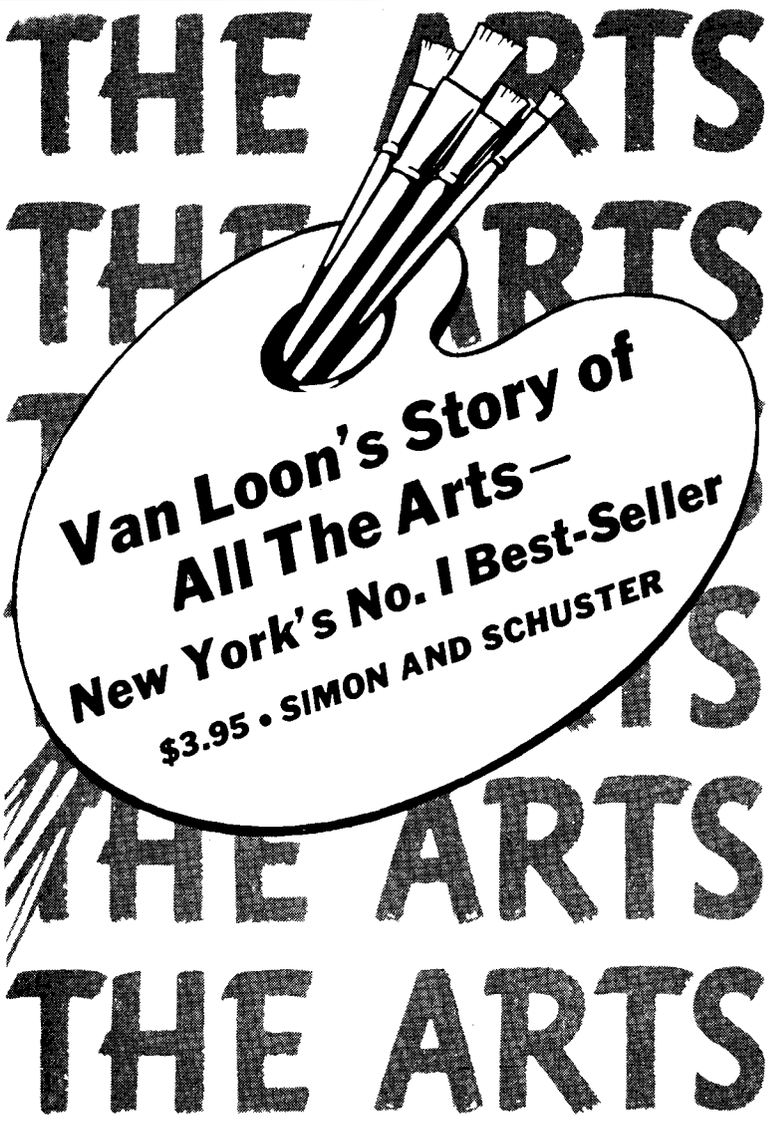
With much respect, that's what I'm coming to, Hector continues. I must ask if it might not be possible to put some restraint on Cassandra's pacifist activities. The T. L. D. meetings were bad enough, and so was the scandal at the Palladium, but those chiefly affected the civilians. Now the poison's getting into the troops. Zeusalmighty, sir, are you going to let soldiers begin to think? It's fatal!

Hector's outburst brings great applause.

Son (says Priam slowly and gravely), you bring up something that's troubled me a great deal. Your sister's affliction is one that the gods themselves impart. The wise men tell us that she is under divine influence, and when the gods do things like that, they do it to try our faith. She has the Family Privilege, and I'll ask her to speak for herself.

Cassandra, addressing the grandstand as though she were a lawyer pleading to the jury:—

> Not speaking for myself, but for us all.
> You think that this is just the House of Priam:
> No, it's the whole great world in microcosm,
> And all the world's a Family Affair.
> As children, we were quick to blame our parents
> For all that went amiss; as men and women
> We like to blame and scapegoat on the gods,
> Or economic law or social pressure,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The follies of ourselves.
There's no such thing
As gods, or doom, or fate, but in the mind,
What care the gods if Troy or Sparta fall?
They are already fallen; and all those
Who hope to live by greed and hoax and fear.
The gods care nought who falls, or when or how.
The gods live only in the moment's beauty:
When the cicada shakes the noon with shrilling.
When the pinewood savors fresh with rain,
When the lovers bless each other's difference.
Or even when, in surplus of their mirth,
Men laugh as you did here.
Athene, wisdom spirit with clear eyes,
Takes many different forms, but mostly silence:
The gods are known by what they do not say.

O human creatures, skilled to calculate,
O sensitive beyond all other vermin,
Agile as frogs, and engineers like ants,
You are not doomed unless you down yourselves.
Destroy yourselves in glee! And, re the gods,
See if they care!

There is an uneasy shuffling and silence; during which Helen rises and holds up her hand.

If you please, she says, I know I'm only an in-law, but I claim the right to speak. I haven't the faintest idea what Cassandra's talking about; there was only one line that made any sense to me. I'd just like to say this, everybody here has been awfully decent, I've had a perfectly swell time and a lot of beautiful memories. I'd like to reciprocate: if things are really so bad, I'm willing to pack up and go. I dare say Menelaus would take me back. Would that help?

Furious cries of No! from the bleachers; and a rhythmic cry from the dexter side: We want Helen! We want Helen!

My dear, says Cassandra, I know it's painful to admit, but you're only a fortuity.

I'm not at all, I'm only thirty-three.

We'll drop the subject, says Priam. Well, if there's nothing more—

Troilus bursts in through the great door, excited and out of breath. He draws himself up and salutes.

You're late, my boy.

Sorry, sir, I was detained in barracks. I was the only officer there and I had to take the message.

Well, go on, what is it?

The Greeks have asked for a truce.

An enormous cry of exultation. O boy! yells Hector. Cassie, who's loony now?

(To be continued)

THE NEW BOOK BY

Edith Wharton

GHOSTS

Among contemporary writers of the supernatural Edith Wharton was one of the leading figures. In this volume the author of "The Age of Innocence," "Ethan Frome," "A Backward Glance," etc., has collected those ghost stories which she considered the best that she had written. With one new story never before published and a new Preface by Mrs. Wharton. $2.50

THE NEW NOVEL BY

Susan Ertz

NO HEARTS TO BREAK

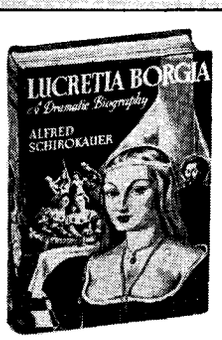
The author of "The Galaxy," "Madame Claire," etc., tells the extraordinary and vivid story of the Baltimore girl who married Napoleon's brother, Jerome. "An excellent novel. . . . It is a strange and compelling story." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* $2.50

HAWAII: ISLES OF ENCHANTMENT

by Clifford Gessler

Illustrated by E. H. Suydam

The author of "Road My Body Goes" and the illustrator of "Boston," "San Francisco: A Pageant," etc., captures in word and picture the very spirit of these delightful islands. Illustrated. $5.00



LUCRETIA BORGIA

by Alfred Schirokauer

A magnificent chronicle of the amours of Lucretia Borgia, love child of Pope Alexander VI, whose life became inextricably entangled with the bloody ambitions of her brother, Caesar Borgia, to restore the Roman Empire. A vivid picture of 16th century Rome where perfidy, poison and the stiletto were the gentle tools of political passions and intrigues. Illustrated. $3.00

THE DIARY of a SURGEON IN THE YEAR 1751-1752

by John Knyveton

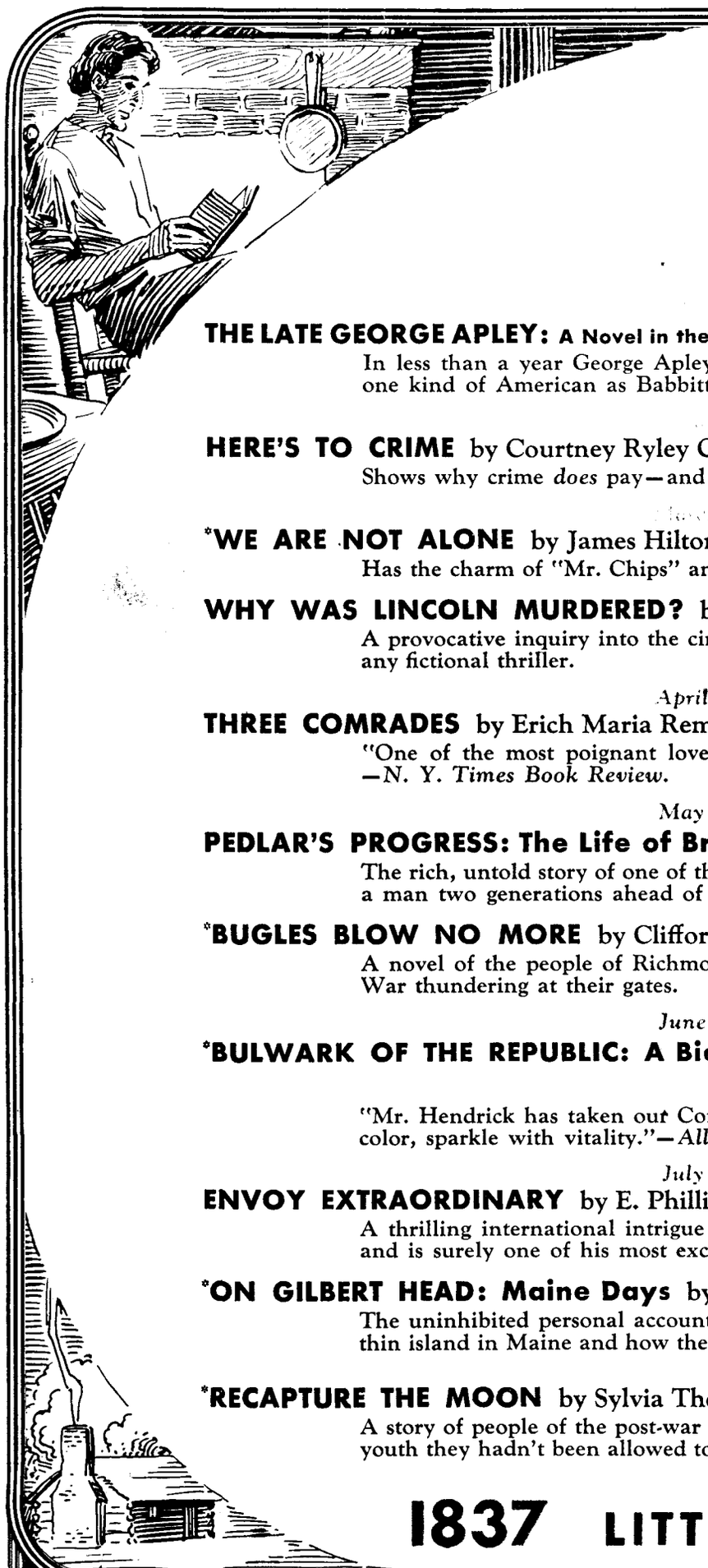
Edited by Ernest Gray

Practising in the lusty age of Johnson, one John Knyveton, a typical 18th century doctor, finished a short six months' course in medical training, became a surgeon on one of H. M. ships, encountered yellow fever in the West Indies where he was also introduced to press gangs, pirates and many other hazardous experiences. Illustrated. $2.50

At All Booksellers

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY 35 W. 32nd St. N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LATE GEORGE APLEY: A Novel in the Form of a Memoir by John P. Marquand
In less than a year George Apley has become almost as familiar a symbol of one kind of American as Babbitt is of another. $2.50

HERE'S TO CRIME by Courtney Ryley Cooper
Shows why crime *does* pay—and who can stop it. $2.75

March

***WE ARE NOT ALONE** by James Hilton
Has the charm of "Mr. Chips" and the mysticism of "Lost Horizon." $2.00

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? by Otto Eisenschiml
A provocative inquiry into the circumstances of his death. More exciting than any fictional thriller. $3.50

April

THREE COMRADES by Erich Maria Remarque
"One of the most poignant love stories that have been told in our time."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.75

May

PEDLAR'S PROGRESS: The Life of Bronson Alcott by Odell Shepard
The rich, untold story of one of the most misunderstood of great Americans—a man two generations ahead of his time. $3.75

***BUGLES BLOW NO MORE** by Clifford Dowdey
A novel of the people of Richmond who lived for four years with the Civil War thundering at their gates. $2.50

June

***BULWARK OF THE REPUBLIC: A Biography of the Constitution**
by Burton J. Hendrick
"Mr. Hendrick has taken our Constitutional history, and made it glow with color, sparkle with vitality."—*Allan Nevins in The Atlantic Monthly.* $3.50

July

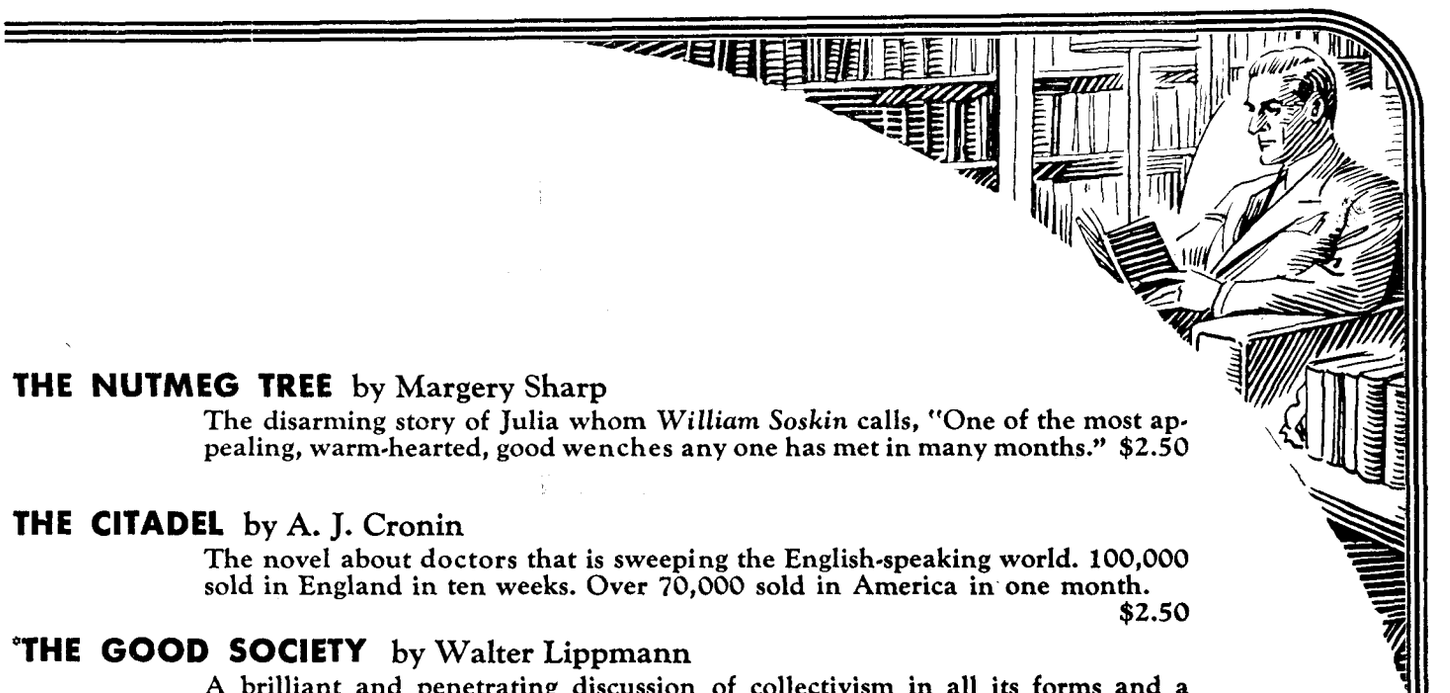
ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY by E. Phillips Oppenheim
A thrilling international intrigue that may be another Oppenheim prophecy and is surely one of his most exciting novels. $2.00

***ON GILBERT HEAD: Maine Days** by Elizabeth Etnier
The uninhibited personal account of how two charming people found a long, thin island in Maine and how they lived their first years together there. $2.50

***RECAPTURE THE MOON** by Sylvia Thompson
A story of people of the post-war generation, grown up, reaching back for the youth they hadn't been allowed to live. $2.50

1837 LITTLE, BROWN & CO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NUTMEG TREE by Margery Sharp

The disarming story of Julia whom *William Soskin* calls, "One of the most appealing, warm-hearted, good wenches any one has met in many months." $2.50

THE CITADEL by A. J. Cronin

The novel about doctors that is sweeping the English-speaking world. 100,000 sold in England in ten weeks. Over 70,000 sold in America in one month. $2.50

*__THE GOOD SOCIETY__ by Walter Lippmann

A brilliant and penetrating discussion of collectivism in all its forms and a clarification of the future in terms of a return to the principles of true liberalism. $3.00

REMEMBERING LAUGHTER by Wallace Stegner

The $2500 Novelette Prize winner, described by *Phil Stong* in the *Saturday Review of Literature* as coming "startlingly close to perfection." $1.25

October

THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY by Glyndon G. Van Deusen

Complete from his birth in 1777 to his death in 1852. "The best thing in print on Henry Clay."—*Paul H. Buck.* $4.00

*__ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE__ by Ann Bridge

A story that glows with charm, with wit, and mellowed wisdom. The finest novel yet by the author of "Illyrian Spring" and "Peking Picnic." $2.50

COMING — NOVEMBER

*__JAPAN OVER ASIA__ by William Henry Chamberlin

A fundamental analysis of conditions in the Far East by the author whose reputation for acute observation and impartial reporting was established by "Soviet Russia" and "Russia's Iron Age." $3.50

*__SLOGUM HOUSE__ by Mari Sandoz

A novel about unploughed literary territory, the cattle country and sandhills of Nebraska in the early 1900's, by the author of "Old Jules." $2.50

*__HOME GROWN__ by Della T. Lutes

More stories about the delightful people of "The Country Kitchen", with many more of Mother's luscious recipes. $1.75

*__TALES FROM THE STORYTELLER'S HOUSE__ by Thornton W. Burgess

New stories of familiar woodland friends by the famous "Bedtime Story Man." Beautifully illustrated in color by Lemuel Palmer. $2.00

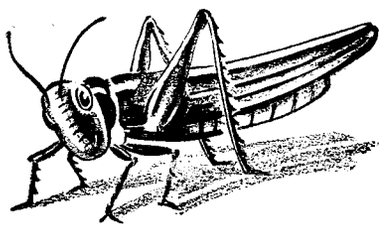
A TREASURE BOX OF STORIES FOR CHILDREN by May Lamberton Becker

The best answer to the oft-repeated cry "I want a big book full of good stories" —chosen by a pre-eminent authority. $2.50

*An Atlantic Book

UBLISHERS, BOSTON 1937

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOES YOUR
Dictionary
MAKE A
"Grasshopper"
OF YOU?

Look up a word in your present dictionary. Does its definition contain so many unfamiliar ***other*** words, that you have to hop back and forth through the book in order to track them down?

For example, what does it mean to you when a dictionary calls such a simple thing as a PELICAN "piscivorous, natatorial, with a distensible gular pouch"? Compare such words with those in the definition in THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY:

secured the Golden Fleece.
pel-i-can (pĕl'ĭ-kăn), *n.* [< Gk. *pelekan*, pelican], any of certain large water birds (genus *Pelecanus*) with webfeet and a huge bill, the lower part of which has a large pouch for storing food.
D-ld-l- (eXW-dă) f- Pele-]

See how the ***double-size*** clear type for the key word itself helps you find it at once without eyestrain. Note how quickly you understand the full definition. You lose no time tracking down ponderous, unfamiliar terms. The spelling, pronunciation, meaning, and use of each word are yours without a wasted second.

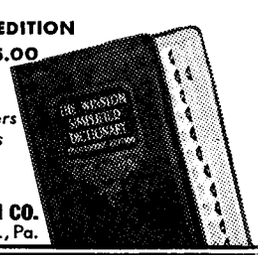
These are but a few of the reasons why so many people, ***94% of whom already have at least one other dictionary,*** are now buying

The WINSTON
Simplified
DICTIONARY
THE MODERN AUTHORITY

Here is a dictionary which includes the ***new words*** you want . . . the ***accurate definitions*** you need . . . the ***full information*** you must have . . . SIMPLIFIED for quicker reference and easier understanding.

COLLEGE EDITION, 1280 PAGES . . $3.50

ENCYCLOPEDIC EDITION
1540 PAGES, $5.00



•
At all booksellers and stationers
•
The JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
Winston Bldg. Phila., Pa.

Cause Célèbre

THE CASE OF LEON TROTSKY, Report of Hearings on the Charges Made Against Him in the Moscow Trials, by the Preliminary Commission of Inquiry, John Dewey, Chairman, Carleton Beals (Resigned), Otto Ruehle, Benjamin Stolberg, Suzanne La Follette, Secretary. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

THE case of Leon Trotsky and the case of Justice Hugo L. Black furnish an interesting commentary on many of our American liberals. I refer here to the editors of *The New Republic*, to Max Lerner and some of his editorial associates on *The Nation*, and to others who have acted similarly in these two cases. Such liberals have used arguments *ad hominem* to prove that Trotsky is a fascist and a terrorist; they have used the same kind of arguments to defend Justice Black for having once joined the Ku Klux Klan because of political expediency. When the Dewey Commission went to Mexico to take Trotsky testimony and to decide whether or not it established a reasonable doubt of his guilt, *The Nation* declared that the commission was not impartial. Three of its members were John Dewey, the outstanding intellectual figure in contemporary America, Benjamin Stolberg, a prominent contributor to *The Nation*, and Suzanne La Follette, who had served as an editor of as well as a contributor to that magazine. *The New Republic* even more seriously endeavored to sabotage the inquiry. But did these magazines seriously question the probable impartiality of Justice Black were he to decide on cases concerning the civil rights of Alabama Negroes? Did they draw any deductions concerning impartiality from the fact that Justice Black had never raised his voice in defense of the Scottsboro boys?

In order to defend himself against the charges upon which he was convicted in Moscow without being tried, Trotsky had to collect documents from various parts of the world, he had to await the detailed reports and records of the trials, he had to have the time to analyze them and prepare his counter case. When Justice Black was confronted by reporters in Europe, he had at his command all of the essential facts necessary for his answer. Some liberals convicted Trotsky without giving him time to get the essential details necessary for his own defense. The Moscow trials constitute a moral issue concerning justice. The structure of justice is, in a sense, international. If justice is torn in one place, it is endangered elsewhere. I do not cite these contrasts in order to join with reactionaries in the Black case. I merely think that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

The case of Leon Trotsky is now presented to the world in an ordered and systematic fashion. The primary question which must be raised concerning the trials are questions of fact. The basic test here is that of verification. Witnesses and defendants at the Moscow trials were alleged to have met Trotsky and/or Trotsky's son in Copenhagen, France, and Norway. These were the *only* allegations on which Trotsky was convicted. These are questions of fact. If Romm and the others did not meet Trotsky and Sedov, there is no basis for the criminal charges against Trotsky and Sedov at the trials. No corroborative documentary evidence was submitted to substantiate these allegations. There was no thorough cross-examination to bring out all the facts relevant to the alleged meeting. The testimony concerning the meetings was nonspecific in many particulars. One witness even testified that he had met Trotsky at a hotel in Denmark which was nonexistent at the time. Trotsky's alibi is based on a whole series of documents and affidavits. These go to constitute an alibi sufficiently ironclad to be acceptable to any fair court. These are more important than the *ad hominem* arguments of American "liberals"—than the efforts of newspaper reporters who seek to prove, by Dostoievsky, that a Jewish Pole named Karl Radek was a fascist because he possessed a "Russian soul." Besides the test of verification, the test of probability must be applied to the evidence. Every possible circumstantial deduction relevant to the charges and testimony must be examined. Trotsky does this with brilliant and ruthless logic. This, in essence, is his case. On the basis of it, the commission of inquiry decided that there was a reasonable doubt of his guilt, and decided to continue its investigation of the Moscow trials.

I was present at these hearings. I heard Carleton Beals ask questions. I have checked his questions now in the record. I saw no restraint placed on him. His questions impressed me as being provocative—provocative in the sense that (whether or not Mr. Beals knew it) they were of the type calculated to endanger Trotsky's right of asylum by embarrassing him with the Mexican government. These questions were not followed through in any consistent manner. They were not developed so that they anywhere touched the central issues of the trials. They are here in the record, and can be evaluated by all who read it.

This book is most readable. It contains Trotsky's final speech of summation which will, most likely, go down in history as one of the greatest indictments of all time. It contains Trotsky's record of his life, his relationship with Lenin, with Stalin and the defendants at the trials, his story of the oppositional fight with Stalin, his own exposition of his political views. And it contains a closely reasoned and brilliant analysis of every aspect of the Moscow trials.

"A challenging book," says
David Lloyd George
of
UNFINISHED JOURNEY
by Jack Jones
OXFORD $3.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Authors of the Week

Louis Bromfield

Few writers as young men have possessed the abundant versatility and crowding powers of invention that were the birthright of Louis Bromfield, born in Ohio, two days after Christmas, in 1896. At fifteen he was a local journalist, at sixteen he entered the Cornell School of Agriculture intending to be a farmer, at twenty he was driving an ambulance attached to the French army. Surviving the World War he traveled in France, became a journalist in New York, foreign correspondent for a musical periodical, assisted a producer in the New York theater, and was advertising manager for a publisher. At the age of twenty-seven he had written four unpublished novels and came before the public with "The Green Bay Tree." His "Early Autumn" won the Pulitzer Prize in 1927. To date his works of fiction number some fifteen books. Restless, gregarious, apparently lazy and easy-going, Bromfield is so busy living that no one knows just when he does his writing.

"The Rains Came," by Louis Bromfield, is reviewed on page 6.

Ann Bridge

Ann Bridge is a pseudonym. The author took it from Bridgend in Surrey, from whence she originally came. When she was a little girl she used to visit relatives in the lake country of northern Italy, and the book reviewed in this issue gives you some of the scenes and characters of that happy time. The wife of an important official in the British Foreign Office, she speaks fluently French, German, Italian, and Chinese, and habitually uses Latin for telegrams. Her husband's diplomatic career, prior to his present post, has enabled her to see exotic parts of the world. Her "Peking Picnic" was the Atlantic Prize Novel of 1932. What with all the social and domestic duties that devolve upon the wife of an official such as is her husband, Mrs. Bridge has to get her writing done before breakfast, between seven and nine A. M.

"Enchanter's Nightshade," by Ann Bridge, is reviewed on page 5.

Evelyn Scott

You have heard of Evelyn Scott, but you have never heard of "E. Souza," and yet there exists a novel of adventure of seven years ago which this noted writer published under that pseudonym! However, Mrs. John Metcalfe (her husband is an English novelist) is best-known for those remarkable novels, "The Wave" and "Breathe Upon These Slain." She was born in 1893 in Clarksville, Tenn., and as early as the age of fourteen published short stories pseudonymously. She holds the record of being the youngest scholar ever admitted to Tulane University. Mrs. Scott is another writer who has seen a lot of the world: four continents, in fact.

"Background in Tennessee," by Evelyn Scott, is reviewed on page 7.

Hugh Walpole

Walpole, who never uses his middle name of Seymour, was born in New Zealand. His father was a Right Reverend and incumbent of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral in Auckland. When Dr. Walpole came to New York to teach for seven years at the General Theological Seminary, Hugh was sent to Cornwall. At the age of twelve the novelist was living with his family in the cathedral town of Durham, and later Walpole the elder became Bishop of Edinburgh. The younger Walpole, on leaving Cambridge, tried preaching and teaching. The profits from his first novel, "The Wooden Horse," did not pay the cost of having the MS. typewritten. His recreations today, he avers, are walking and talking. He works hard at writing and has also done much lecturing in America.

"John Cornelius," by Hugh Walpole, is reviewed on page 16.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 186)

CONGREVE: "THE WAY OF THE WORLD"

I'm thinking how this play'll be pulled to pieces. . . .
Poets are bubbles by the town drawn in,
Suffered at first some trifling stakes to win;
But what unequal hazards do they run!
Each time they write they venture all they've won.

"If Francis Brett Young never wrote another word he could well be content to rest his reputation on this magnificent book in which he tells the story of the great South African trek, THEY SEEK A COUNTRY. It is not only far and away the best work he himself has done. It is, without question, one of the most humane, most poised and most finely imaginative novels ever penned."—*New York Times Book Review.*

What more need we say?

602 Pages. $2.75. REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WE read this autobiography of Man-of-Aran Pat Mullen's daughter with complete disbelief, but we kept the neighbors awake with our roars. Had she and her family been anything but South Boston Irish, we'd have set her story down as the fabrication of an unbalanced mind. Begob! It's a grand book," says the *Los Angeles Times* of this amazing chronicle of a girl who was brought up by her mother to be a lady—in a speakeasy!

LIFE
is my
ADVENTURE

By
BARBARA MULLEN
At all bookstores. $2.50
COWARD-McCANN·N.Y.

Have You Seen
The Point of the Superfluous Alibi?
. . . on page 158 of
THE CASE OF THE SEVEN OF CALVARY
BY ANTHONY BOUCHER
An Inner Sanctum Mystery
Price $2.00

"The story of a man out of many."—*United Press*

UNFINISHED JOURNEY
by Jack Jones
OXFORD $3.00

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

HERE'S something that Old Q., with his grotesque sense of News Values, considers Real Tidings. The famous old Ivory Tower, in which poets are supposed to live, is exactly 100 years old. By which we mean, not the ivory turret (or dome) itself, but the phrase. It was in October 1837 that Sainte Beuve first used the words (*tour d'ivoire*) referring to De Vigny. ☞This we learn from one of Miss Louella Everett's excellent footnotes in the forthcoming new edition of *Bartlett's Quotations,* which we were secretly allowed to examine. ☞Polly Street and Pete Howe inform that the Recent Author quoted by F. D. R., in his Chicago speech, was James Hilton; the book quoted from was *Lost Horizon.* ☞Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, one of the Vice-Chairmen of the Association of Canadian Bookmen, was telling us of the lively plans for Montreal's first Book Fair, November 20-27. Among U. S. A. visitors who have promised to speak are Hendrik Van Loon, Marcia Davenport, and one of the editors of the *S. R. L.* At the closing banquet Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General of Canada, will be the guest of honor.

☞The Bulletin of the A. B. A. informs that in the National Book Awards, chosen by ballot among booksellers all over the country, the *Forgotten Book* classification will next year be replaced by *The Booksellers' Find*—the trade's own choice of a deserving work which received inadequate recognition in sales. As before, the selecting committee is under the capable chairmanship of Miss Virginia Kirkus. ☞Cleave to both Kirkus and Quercus, is always our advice to the aspiring bibliopole.

☞Judging from the utterances of the late John Jay Chapman quoted in the Houghton Mifflin catalogue (*J. J. Chapman and His Letters,* by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, published this month) the old boy was just as pungent in print as we remember him at the lunch table of the Coffee House on 45 Street, when we were young and still went to clubs. "Santayana is a very agreeable man with good manners," said Chapman. "He made the impression on me of not knowing more about life than a kid glove exposed for sale in a shop window." ☞Which is very much the comment Old Q. made about Mr. Santayana's delicious and innocent novel, *The Last Puritan.* About the intellectual life however Mr. Santayana knows a great deal. ☞Let it not be forgotten that deliberately to reject the life palpable and take the norn Philosophy to bride is also a form of knowledge. ☞Publishers send Old Q. a great many books that he is not the least interested in; the things he would fall for hook line and sowbelly he never sees: for instance the *Goncourt Journals* (which he has cherished in the little Nelson edition ever since discovering it at Mendoza's) or Miss Millay's *Conversation at Midnight* of which even in the pinewoods he heard a chipmunk talking.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NIGHT OVER MEXICO *Todd Downing* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder stalks midst mutually suspicious tourists — including sleuth Harvey Rennert —stormbound in Mexican ranch house.	Action and suspense at concert pitch throughout, characterizations vivid, background exotic, method and motive of murder unique.	Excellent
INVITATION TO KILL *Gardner Low* (Putnam: $2)	Artist slain shortly after wild studio party. Model and others suspected. Police and amateur Dale are baffled.	Author's confidential italic "asides" a bit annoying until you see how cleverly they work into—and out of—yarn.	Deceptive
MURDER IN MAKE-UP *Lorenz Heller* (Messner: $2.)	Introducing Bengal von Leeuw, exotic sleuth who affects strange pets and stranger jargon whilst solving murders of old actor and girl.	Mystery gambit that has turned up elsewhere this year all dressed up in greasepaint, parrots, and tame cheetahs.	Dizzy
THE FOUR FALSE WEAPONS *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Violent death of Parisian *poule de luxe* involves former lover and brings Bencolin out of retirement.	Too many sharp turns in solution—and Bencolin is slightly rusty —but the gambling chapters are swell.	Won't bore you
PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF A LIONESS *Virginia Tracy* (Lippincott: $2.)	Movie queen watches impersonator swipe N. Y. personal appearance laurels—and get shot. Dist. Att. Carr unravels strange case.	Presents neat puzzle and has some good scenes, but for chest-heaving and completely unconvincing emoting it takes the candy.	Overdone

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Belles-Lettres

RINGSIDE SEATS. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.50.

Mrs. Gerould is a quiet voice in these strident times. She has been an excellent craftsman in the field of fiction. She has been glanced at by the literary left as one possessed of a "prissy" detachment. This book of fifteen essays is no evidence of such a quality. One does not always agree with her—naturally—but she is capable of acute analysis. Her "The Man who Made Mulvaney" is far from saying the last word on Kipling, but she makes us see him as an artist. If she has, again, not said the last word on Southern literature and life, her points are well taken in "A Yankee Looks at Dixie." To one who still believes in fundamental Christianity, her "The Unsocial Christian" is perhaps the best thing in the book. She is burningly clear. "The Church is pure pragmatism: it invented itself in order to be successful."

Passing over the cultivated discussion of the terms "Ladies and Gentlemen," in which there is a good deal of humor, there is sane comment on marriage in "Romantic Divorce," and "The Personal Touch" properly indicts the American rage, not for "the information that really counts; we want the information that does not count and is none of our business." The most recent developments abroad have rather "dated" "Can Pacifists be Patriots?" in certain of its details. But for some supercilious critic who wrote of her in the past that she was too ultra-refined to "take the air," she has described in her title-essay the Battle of the Century—the best essay ever written by a woman upon prizefighting and the general public. Unquestionably this lady has her own prejudices. But she is also a fine sort of person and an astute observer. And we think she possesses those elements of culture which, as she herself has pointed out, are as necessary as knowledge: "Equally important are natural sensitiveness and intellectual independence—I had nearly said, the dreaming heart." W. R. B.

Fiction

THE GREEN GRAPE. By Simonne Ratel. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

Though the teeth of the children may indeed be set on edge rather often in the course of Mme. Ratel's story, her picture of a French family torn by parental antagonism is not unduly gloomy in tone. Readers of the author's "House in the Hills" will recall the Durras clan and the situation: a tyrannical, yet thwarted and curiously pathetic father strives daily to break up the alliance of his more imaginative wife with the three children who adore her. "The Green Grape" provides an excellent, self-supporting sequel, telling of the family's progress to Paris, where harmony remains conspicuously absent. School life and extra-familial ties come to occupy the attention of the children, but again and again the father interferes with their pleasures, shatters their longed-for illusion of living in a normal household, and gradually rouses against himself really violent hatred, particularly in the mind of his son.

These episodes, recounted with many deft touches, leave the charming figure of Isabelle, the mother, somewhat in the background and the strongly feminist note of the earlier book is dropped. Later the author is primarily concerned with demonstrating the essential unity of the whole clan. When the slender thread of story culminates in the death of M. Durras, killed in the first weeks of the war,

(*Continued on next page*)

Catharine Macadam's

FIRST NOVEL

NORTH—"Very entertaining and broadly humorous."—*Boston*

WEST—"Lots of laughs . . . fine entertainment."—*San Diego*

THEY NEVER GET TIRED

EAST—"A riotous tale."—*Washington*

SOUTH—"Gay . . . brittle . . . temperamental."—*New Orleans*

$2.00 **F. A. STOKES CO.**

REMEMBER!

A COPY FOR YOURSELF AND A COPY FOR SOMEONE WHO LIKES THE BOOKS *you* LIKE

Academic Procession

by **JAMES REID PARKER**

"It is to be hoped that trustees, presidents, professors, associate professors, assistant professors, instructors, and fellows will read it to a man."
—Saturday Review

$2.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

NO ROYAL ROAD

THE ACCLAIMED AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AMERICAN WAY

by Edgar A. Custer

Foreword by S. M. Vauclain
$3.50 at all bookshops

Wm. Lyon Phelps: "Not only an exciting book but a contribution to our social and industrial history."

KINSEY & CO., 105 West 40th St., N. Y.

"A really good proletarian novel," says the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* of

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACK JONES

UNFINISHED JOURNEY

OXFORD $3.00

SAVE YOUR HAIR

John W. King, Sc.B. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) has prepared the handbook GIVE YOUR HAIR A CHANCE for those whose hair is thinning or greying needlessly. $2.00 will bring you a copy of this valuable book of instructions on caring for your hair.

BRADNER PUBLISHING CO., Dept. W41
Kendall Square, Cambridge, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

all realize that in spite of appearances the tyrant, too, was one of them. From beyond the grave he dominates them as he never could in life.

Lest hasty judgments assume that this is merely another nice little book, let it be noted that these French adolescents are not prettified. Neither are their woes exaggerated to furnish material for a psychoanalytical sermon. Mme. Ratel's outlook is refreshingly sane throughout, her treatment of the slight but poignant theme almost always felicitous, and her characters unfailingly alive and believable. T. P., Jr.

Miscellaneous

HORSELESS CARRIAGE DAYS. By Hiram Percy Maxim. Harpers. 1937. $2.50.

THE HORSE & BUGGY AGE IN NEW ENGLAND. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Coward-McCann. 1937. $2.75.

The city of Hartford, Connecticut, is celebrated in both these small volumes. The author of that delightful account of his famous father, "A Genius in the Family," left also among his papers the manuscript embodied in the present book, an account of the part he played in the coming of the automobile. "The Horseless Idea" came to him in 1892 when he was riding a bicycle in Massachusetts. He was in his early twenties. When he began to work on a mechanical road vehicle, about fifty other persons in the United States were busy with the same idea. His account of his first experiments, with an explosive tricycle (featuring remarkable gas-engine trouble!) and the Columbia Horseless Carriage, brings him into the fold of Colonel Pope of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Hartford, and the famous Hayden Eames to whom the book is dedicated. The first run to New York, the contest with the Stanley Steamer, sabotage on the part of rivals, and all the experimental steps in the evolution of the automobile are told in natural and racy fashion.

Mr. Mitchell recalls the simpler pleasures of the old days of horse and buggy, of the old livery stable, the private coachman, harness makers and saddlers, the manufacturing of horse whips, old barns, old sleighs, horse racing, the carriage trade. A truly Yankee book, it is full of information. The end-papers reproduce Platt's etching of the old Hartford covered bridge. Mr. Mitchell is well known as the former genial bookseller and editor of Hartford. His father was for over fifty years a grain-shipper of New England. He was brought up across the street from the "horse nail king of America"!

L. C. H.

The first and only book of its kind!

By one of America's notable historians and commentators — the first volume in English giving a complete survey of historical writing from earliest times — and the first in any language on *world* historiography. The fascinating study of man's attempt to record his progress — from the first picture-writers to the present day. 440 pages. At your bookstore, $3.50.

Harry Elmer Barnes'

A History of Historical Writing

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

You will want to finish

UNFINISHED JOURNEY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACK JONES

OXFORD $3.00

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

L. SCHUCMAN, 117 EAST 18th ST., NEW YORK CITY. Send for new 3000-item list of scholarly material in literature at bargain prices, less our special 25% discount.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

414 SETS AT BARGAIN PRICES.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, INC.
80 FOURTH AVENUE (10TH STREET).

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York, carries the largest assortment of standard French Fiction, School, Art, Scientific, General and Current French books. Over 500,000 in stock. Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY SERVICES

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

CLASSIFIED

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

REVISION, CRITICISM. High standards, moderate charges. Also short story instruction for mature-minded students ROBERT L. NEWMAN, 251 West 71st Street, New York.

POETRY AND PROSE BOOKS edited and published. Submit for Editorial Board report. National Poetry Center, "Radio City," 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING. Stories, articles, theses, books. Excellent references. Mary Douglas, 620 W. 116th Street. UNiversity 4-2694.

TYPIST TO THE FAMOUS. Clara Chanin. Manuscript Expert. Stories, Plays, Novels. 15c. page, carbons, binding. Telephone MElrose 5-4570.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181 St., New York, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

CATALOGUES 70 & 71 listing new purchases comprising many scarce and rare books; free upon application G. A. Baker & Co., 3 West 46th Street, New York.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE LITTLE HOUSE seeks correspondence with Ladies and Gentlemen of discernment—Object Food—Delicious Food packed in Plantation Baskets, ready for Christmas. 107 East Gordon Street. You better write. Savannah, Georgia.

"DON'T-SNORE" device, $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

RUGGLES FOUNDATION, BURLINGTON, VERMONT. Residence for active or retired teachers. Ideal place to spend Fall and Winter months. Glorious view of the Green and Adirondack Mountains and Lake Champlain. Spacious grounds; house adequately heated; continuous hot water; comfortable beds and excellent meals. Try one of our Vermont winters. Rates according to room occupied. Write for folders.

WANTED: Man 27-37, intelligent, versatile, no "smugmug," correspond with interesting D. C. girl lost among hordes of government clerks. Enjoy good conversation, Guild plays, laughter, dancing, sherry, symphonies, satires, sunsets, riding, reading, picnics, politics, preposterous puns. And you? Box 297-C.

SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER, 24, literary-minded, 4 years' secretarial experience, good education, excellent background, flare for writing, seeks opening in publishing, radio or publicity, New York. Very reasonable. Box 275-C.

COMMERCIAL WRITER: advertising, publicity, radio, house organ, letters. Handle correspondence, personnel. Editor. Executive secretary. Go anywhere. Box 301-C.

GENTLEMAN, 66, straight, Anglo-American breed, alone; seeks man in same boat. No Semites. Box 298-C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

YOUNG LADY desires position as companion to children, invalid, elderly person; evenings, week ends, for room and board. References. Box 300-C.

WRITERS WANTED in every city to represent superior literary services bureau, on commission. State your qualifications in detail. Box 299-C.

A YOUNG WOMAN of ability and infinite interests desires part time evening work where expert stenographic skill can lighten the burdens of a busy executive or harassed writer. Please address Box 307-C.

MEXICO. Rest, write, paint in beautiful suburban home; quietness, comfort, library, studio, congenial guests, excellent cooking, garage. $15 to $20 weekly. Apartado 1729A, Mexico. Folder: suite 819, 1819 Broadway, New York.

INTELLIGENT, CHARMING WOMAN, seeking "other side of hill" desires correspondence with similar man, similarly engaged. Halcyon.

PARODY of The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 cents. HARVARD ADVOCATE, Advocate House, Cambridge, Mass. Last chance!

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, an open fire. Central heating. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY (26) who spends life concealing from local swains the fact that she is at heart a highbrow, but who is interested in almost everything and is easily amused, would like to correspond with a gentleman in his thirties. Box 302-C.

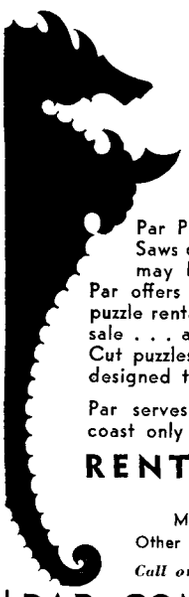
MIDDLE-AGED German-American woman, educated in Germany, desires to correspond with unattached, middle-aged gentleman interested in literature, philosophy. Box 303-C.

POSITION WANTED—Young woman; six years New York Public Library; educated in France; experienced in art and research work; highest references. Box 304-C.

RESEARCH WORK AT BARGAIN rate, historical, etc., New York Library; typed report, rough sketches. Murray Hill 4-8626 or Box 305-C.

WANTED: Brains, perseverance, courage embodied in a young man (Gentile) who can give several hours a day assisting importer of scientific instruments. Rare opportunity to learn unusual profession. Box 308-C.

HELP CAREER: literary, dramatic, educational, business. Box 310-C.



JIG-SAW PUZZLES *to your* **ORDER**

Par Picture Puzzles (finer Jig-Saws on polished walnut wood) may be rented or purchased. Par offers . . . one of the largest puzzle rental libraries . . . puzzles for sale . . . and a service in Custom-Cut puzzles with pieces individually designed to your own fancy.

Par serves puzzlers from coast to coast only from the address below.

RENTAL SERVICE

FREE DELIVERY:
Manhattan by Messenger
Other points by mail Post Paid

Call or Write for folder "S-7"

PAR COMPANY, Ltd.
18 East 53rd St. New York, N. Y.
Telephone PLaza 3-7181

Double-Crostics: No. 187

By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

	1-C	2-F		3-P	4-Y		5-L	6-M	7-C		8-D	9-U		10-A	11-H
12-L	13-P	14-T	15-V		16-W	17-M	18-U	19-Y	20-L		21-N	22-R		23-Q	24-M
25-H	26-K	27-V	28-N	29-A	30-L		31-H	32-X	33-Q	34-U	35-F	36-C	37-K	38-W	39-I
	40-Y	41-N	42-D	43-B		44-V	45-Y	46-Q	47-S	48-C		49-W	50-P	51-U	52-O
53-S	54-V		55-P	56-R	57-Y		58-H	59-O	60-F	61-N	62-L	63-I	64-J	65-K	
66-T	67-S	68-R		69-S	70-N		71-V	72-B	73-P	74-J	75-X	76-N	77-L	78-Q	79-T
80-H		81-A	82-C	83-E	84-P	85-L		86-S	87-P		88-F	89-H	90-B	91-J	92-Q
93-A	94-G	95-K	96-S		97-E	98-P	99-O		100-S	101-T	102-V	103-C	104-G	105-W	106-R
107-L		108-R	109-O		110-J	111-P	112-S	113-R	114-O		115-T	116-E	117-W	118-U	119-J
120-K	121-I	122-C	123-Q		124-T	125-A	126-S		127-F	128-X	129-A		130-O	131-F	
132-W	133-E	134-L	135-K	136-I	137-C	138-F		139-X	140-R	141-M		142-D	143-Q	144-E	145-T
	146-H	147-O	148-S		149-R	150-C	151-G	152-M	153-Q	154-F		155-D	156-E	157-O	
158-O	159-M		160-M	161-Q	162-R	163-U		164-X	165-A	166-D	167-Y	168-K	169-R		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Hurtful.

B. Blind ruinous impulse (Gr. tragedy).

C. Opera by Verdi.

D. Beef and bacon roasted on a stick.

E. British princess martyred in Cologne (c. 300).

F. English biographer (1880-1932).

G. Character in "Mill on the Floss."

H. Clumsy, inconvenient.

I. Roman historian (B.C. 59-A.D. 17).

J. Measure of capacity in metric system.

K. Preconceives, prefigures.

L. Disturbed, restless.

M. Greek choral movement.

N. Fastidious (slang).

O. Badly put together.

P. *Fringilla coelebs.*

Q. Wide-extending.

R. Anything strikingly noisy, intense (slang).

S. Reproved.

T. Defamatory language.

U. Mildness.

V. Lyrical compositions expressing grief.

W. Shrewdly sagacious.

X. Sort; everyday-life painting.

Y. Old Testament heroine.

WORDS

10 29 125 129 81 165 93

90 43 72

36 1 103 82 137 122 48 7 150

166 42 8 142 155

156 83 133 116 144 97

131 2 154 127 88 60 35 138

94 151 104

11 80 89 58 146 31 25

136 121 63 39

74 119 110 64 91

37 65 95 135 120 168 26

134 5 12 62 77 107 30 85 20

159 141 152 6 17 24 160

28 41 21 61 76 70

158 52 59 147 109 99 130 157 114

13 111 55 73 87 3 98 84 50

46 33 23 92 143 123 78 161 153

56 108 149 113 106 140 22 68 162 169

86 69 100 67 96 53 47 148 112 126

79 66 14 124 115 101 145

118 18 163 51 34 9

102 27 71 44 15 54

117 16 38 132 49 105

128 75 139 164 32

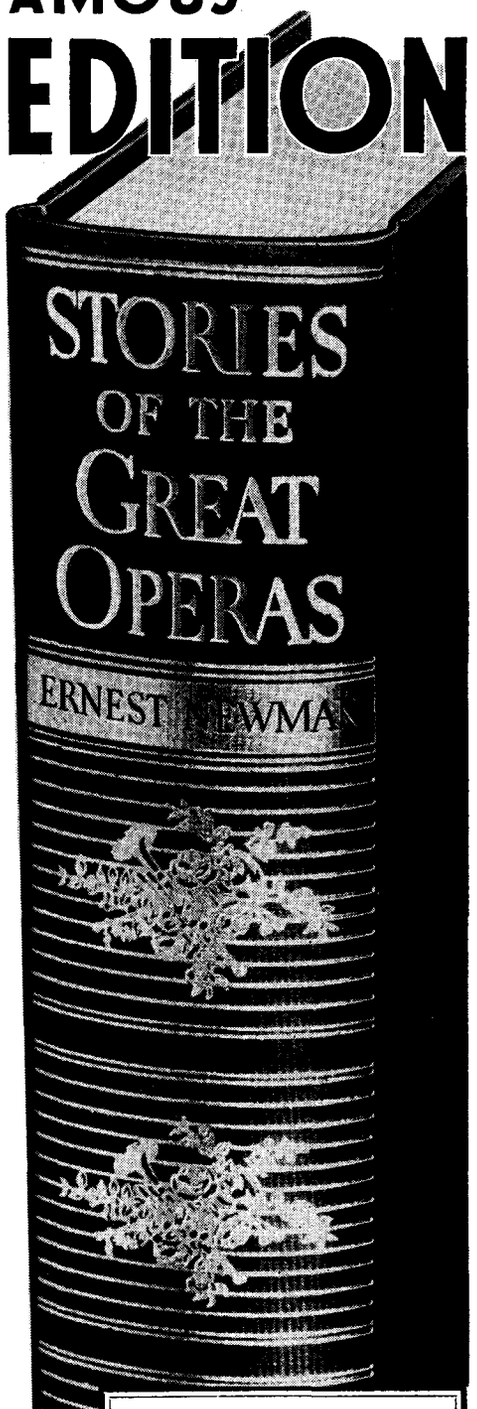
57 4 40 167 19 45

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free THIS FAMOUS DE LUXE EDITION

Stories of the Great Operas and Their Composers

1056 PAGES • FORMERLY IN THREE VOLUMES AT $10.50



Accept this Beautiul Volume FREE as an Example of DE LUXE EDITIONS CLUB Bargains. Get Great Books like this, formerly $5 to $25, in Exquisite New Editions for Only $1.69 Each!

YOU are invited to send the special coupon below. You will receive at once, absolutely free, a copy of this great book. It is exquisitely bound for your life-time library. This offer is made to show you, at our expense, the remarkable book values which Charter Membership in The De Luxe Editions Club can now bring to you!

Through this Club you can now get many of the finest books in all branches of literature. Beautiful volumes of permanent value—specially designed and superbly bound. And at a price *below* that asked for ordinary, commercial-edition novels!

Become a Charter Member, FREE

Imagine getting books that have been priced *from $5 to $25—in rich, new De Luxe Editions*—for ONLY $1.69 EACH! No other plan ever offered to book lovers has combined such truly *great books* with such *immense savings!*

There is no cost to you in joining the Club. By joining now, as a Charter Member, you will receive this gift book free. There are no extra dues. You pay *nothing* but the extremely low price of $1.69 per book, plus few cents postage.

De Luxe Editions Club books are already famous for their luxurious bindings, fine printing, rich contents. The average volume is 6" x 9¼". Many are even larger. Most contain 500 to 600 pages—some even over 1000 pages. Many are gorgeously illustrated in color with paintings by the greatest masters; others with fine drawings and photographs. Every volume is complete.

Such values are possible only because America's leading publishers have coöperated with us. They are allowing the Club to use the *original*, first-edition plates in printing these new De Luxe Editions. And the authors have agreed to smaller royalties.

Typical of the many remarkable values are such recent De Luxe Editions as "Great Works of Art," *formerly $5.00*: Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in modern English, and with 25 full-page drawings in color by Rockwell Kent, *formerly $25.00;* "The Book of Old Ships," illustrated by the famous marine artist, Gordon Grant, *formerly $20.00;* and "The Travels of Marco Polo," *formerly $5.00.* Similar values will be offered in forthcoming selections, all at the low price, to members only, of $1.69 each!

Send No Money

If such bargains appeal to you—if you would like to *spend less* for books and *have far more* to show for it—then accept Free a Charter Membership in The De Luxe Editions Club! Send no money with the Membership Coupon below. Your *free* copy of "Stories of the Great Operas" will be sent to you at once. With it will come the current month's bargain selection and the current issue of the Club's "Folio"—a monthly magazine of interest to all book lovers. The "Folio" is free, to Members exclusively. Each month it tells unusual facts about the current Book Selection. And it reviews the coming month's selection as well. Thus Members always know *in advance* what the next book will be. Your subscription for the "Folio" will begin at once, without cost. Mail the coupon now!

"*Stories of the Great Operas* and Their Composers," by Ernest Newman, is typical of De Luxe Editions Club books. This beautiful volume is 2¼" thick, 8½" x 6" in size. Contains 1056 pages. Gives complete plots *and* musical movements of 30 greatest operas. Describes composers' lives. Will double your enjoyment of Opera in the theatre or over the radio. Printed from identical plates of original three-volume, $10.50 edition. Also contains 790 *illustrated* musical quotations. But whether you read music or not, you will enjoy and profit richly from this great book. Bound in handsome cardinal buckram, richly imprinted in gold.

FREE CHARTER MEMBERSHIP COUPON

THE DE LUXE EDITIONS CLUB

Dept. SR.10, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me free as a Charter Member and send me each month the members' exclusive publication "THE FOLIO" which reviews the current and forthcoming selections. My membership will bring to me, each month for an entire year, the Club's De Luxe Selection—a book that formerly sold for $5.00, $10.00, or even more—but which I am to have for only $1.69 plus the few cents postage. In consideration of my enrollment as a Charter Member at this time, you are to send me at once, *absolutely free*, my gift copy of STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

THE DE LUXE EDITIONS CLUB
Dept. S. P. 10,
Garden City, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED